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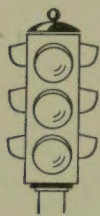




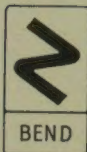
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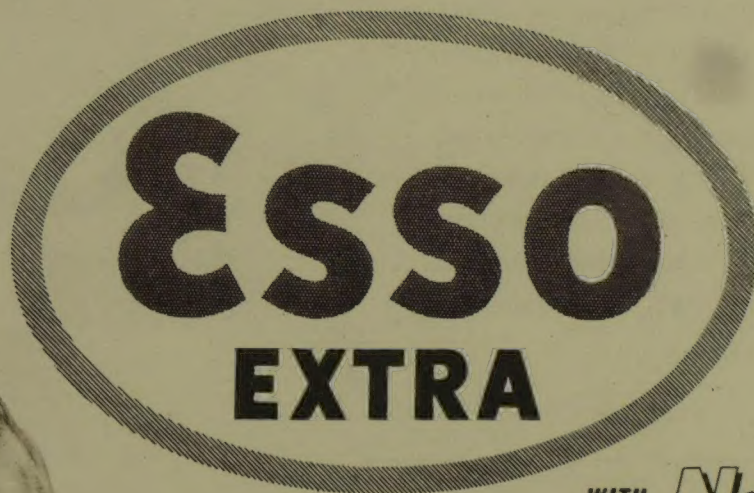
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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1954.



THE MEN CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INDO-CHINA SETTLEMENT, ACHIEVED ON JULY 20, THE FRENCH PREMIER'S SELF-IMPOSED DEAD-LINE DATE: M. MENDES-FRANCE, MR. ANTHONY EDEN AND MR. MOLOTOV (L. TO R. IN DOORWAY).

The terms of the Indo-China settlement, reached on July 20, the seventy-fifth day of the Geneva talks, are discussed on another page. Here we give a group showing the men chiefly responsible for hammering out the agreement. M. Mendès-France, the French Premier, announced when he took office that he would resign if a settlement to end the war had not been reached by July 20; and he found an agreement accepted in principle just six hours before the expiry of this time-limit. In his speech in the French National Assembly, on July 22, M. Mendès-

France paid a tribute of gratitude in the name of the French Government to the United Kingdom and Mr. Eden; for the expert diplomatic skill and patience of the British Foreign Secretary were largely responsible for the successful issue of the Geneva Conference. Mr. Eden has been justly praised both at home and abroad for his achievement; and Mr. Molotov, whose genuine desire to reach a settlement was also a factor which made it possible, stated that "the importance of Mr. Eden's rôle cannot be exaggerated."

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THE GENEVA CONFERENCE: A SETTLEMENT AT LAST IN INDO-CHINA.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FINAL SESSION OF THE ASIATIC CONFERENCE IN THE PALAIS DE NATIONS, GENEVA, AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE INDO-CHINA TRUCE AGREEMENTS ON JULY 20. AT THE TABLES, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE THE SOVIET, BRITISH, CHINESE, VIET MINH, LAOTIAN, FRENCH, VIETNAMESE, UNITED STATES AND CAMBODIAN DELEGATIONS.



SIGNING THE CEASE-FIRE AGREEMENT ON BEHALF OF THE FRANCO-VIET-NAM AND FRANCO-LAOTIAN COMMANDS: GENERAL GEORGES DELTEIL.



HIS COUNTRY AT PEACE AFTER SEVEN-AND-A-HALF YEARS OF WAR: THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, M. MENDÈS-FRANCE (OPPOSITE CARAFE AND DESPATCH-CASE) AT THE FINAL SESSION OF THE GENEVA CONFERENCE.



SIGNING ON BEHALF OF THE REBEL FORCES OF VIET MINH: MR. TA QUANG BUI, LEADER OF THE VIET MINH DELEGATION.

On July 20, after seven-and-a-half years of war which cost France and her associates 92,000 dead or missing, 114,000 wounded and 28,000 prisoners, general agreement was reached on an Indo-China armistice at the Palais de Nations, Geneva. Under the terms of the agreement Viet-Nam is to be divided roughly into two parts, with the intention that it should be re-unified after elections have been held in 1956. Laos and Cambodia are to be left as neutrals, although the north-eastern part of Laos will remain for the time being under the control of Laotian dissidents. India,

Poland and Canada will provide commissions to supervise the carrying out of the armistice in each of the three Associated States. President Eisenhower stated later that the United States was not bound by the decisions of the Geneva Conference but would not use force to disturb them. Addressing the final session of the conference on July 21 Mr. Eden said that though the agreements could not give everyone satisfaction "they are the best that our hands could devise. All will now depend upon the spirit in which these agreements are observed and carried out."



A MAP OF INDO-CHINA TO ILLUSTRATE THE TERMS OF THE AGREEMENT REACHED AT GENEVA—THE 17th PARALLEL APPROXIMATES ROUGHLY TO THE ARMISTICE LINE. THE ASSOCIATED STATES OF LAOS AND CAMBODIA ARE BEING NEUTRALISED.

As reported elsewhere, general agreement on an Indo-China armistice was reached late on July 20 and the final declaration was published the following day. The dividing line in Viet-Nam follows roughly the 17th Parallel and this leaves about 12,750,000 people under Viet Minh rule and about 11,000,000 south of the line. French forces in the Red River Delta are to withdraw first to Haiphong and thence entirely from the delta, within ten months. There are to be two enclaves for Viet Minh troops in southern Viet-Nam, to be evacuated in eight months. Elections are to be held throughout Viet-Nam by July, 1956, and the intention is that the

country shall then be reunified. The armistice is being supervised by India, Poland and Canada with three commissions for the three associated States, Viet-Nam, Laos and Cambodia. Laos and Cambodia are being neutralised, but in northern Laos Laotian dissidents are being grouped in two northern provinces, reintegration to take place after the Laotian elections in August, 1955. There is also to be a regrouping area in Cambodia. Separate cease-fire arrangements for the three States, Viet-Nam, Laos and Cambodia, were signed, but the majority of the details of these were not published for local military reasons.

Map drawn specially for "The Illustrated London News" by Arthur Banks.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WEEK after week I write this page, and week after week, it appears from letters reaching me from patient readers scattered about the globe, someone or other contrives to struggle through what I write. There may even be some reader, though I find it hard to believe, who has read every article I have ever written in the eighteen years during which I have been pontificating in this way—eighteen times fifty-two, that is, or very nearly a thousand articles! What a colossal bore he must think me, and what a colossal bore, indeed, I am! It reminds me of a song we used to sing at Harrow School about the bell that summoned us to our classes and roll-calls:

"Three hundred years with an ever-fresh beginning
Hark! how the bell is ringing,
Ding-a-ding-ding! . . .
O what a tongue to terrify the lazy
Never a respite, never stops nor stays he
On till the ears of listeners are crazy . . .!"

Indeed, having long ago exhausted my fund of notions, stories and prejudices, what to write about each week is something of a puzzle. "Write,"

some reader may say, "about what you do in the week!" But the answer to that, I am afraid, is that I nearly always do the same thing. My business is writing, or more often collecting and preparing material from which to write history. And as George III. remarked to our nation's most eminent practitioner of that craft, "It's scribble, scribble, scribble, Mr. Gibbon!"

However, as it may possibly amuse someone to read about what I do, I will try to describe it. And what a slow, artificial, laborious, though to those who essay it, fascinating, craft the business of writing history is! As Evelyn wrote 300 years ago, "It is not imaginable to such as have not tried, what labour an historian (that would be exact) is condemned to. He must read all, good and bad, and remove a world of rubbish before he can lay the foundation." One has first to copy or have copied scores of thousands of extracts from letters, diaries, State papers and books of every kind, making *resumés* of some and quoting others. One's earliest problem is that of order, and in my experience it matters little in what order one collects one's material provided that one arranges it in the right order as one does so. The rule I follow, whatever other arrangement of my material I may subsequently adopt, is to make a separate dated card or sheet of every extract or *resumé* from whatever source it comes and put it into a special envelope or folder devoted to the particular month, week or day to which it refers. Thus, if the second week of the month of June for the year 1812 has an envelope to itself, every extract referring to that week from whatever source I may have collected it is placed in that particular envelope in precise chronological order. In this way, as one works one's way solidly through one's material, there is gradually built up in each dated envelope a hotch-potch of chronologically-arranged extracts from perhaps a hundred or even a thousand different sources. This time-sequence of material, when one has finished garnering it, I have found to be the most valuable and, indeed, indispensable source of knowledge from which a historian can work. As one reads it through afterwards—and I always do so before I begin to plan the writing and structural arrangement of my book—all sorts of facts and views that, when first studied and noted in isolation seemed to have no particular relevance, become of significance and throw unexpected light on other till now isolated documents. The order in which events occurred is of fundamental importance; it is so in real life and it is so, therefore, for the historian, though sometimes, obsessed with theory and thesis, we historians forget this. Material arranged in this way, therefore, is a most valuable corrective. As one becomes immersed in its reading, all sorts of preconceived notions and prejudices are slowly corrected in one's mind; one begins to see, too, the picture one has to paint as a whole and in its right proportions.

Yet one cannot paint it from a time-sequence apparatus alone. A vast hotch-potch of notes arranged chronologically but dealing with a thousand different subjects is no basis for literary composition. The facts are there in the order in which one needs to study them but not in the order in which a history—a compression and arrangement of fact—can be constructed if it is to be readable and intelligible. The far harder task now begins of sorting one's material into the kind of order in which one can most

effectively, while commemorating the truth as one sees it, communicate it to one's reader. If, for instance—to take an elementary example—one wants to refer to a particular character in a general history, one cannot convey his character by mentioning in one's pages what he says or does on every isolated occasion on which his name crops up in one's chronologically-arranged record. One needs to gather one's information about him into a brief, well-digested and coherent whole and convey it to the reader at the exact moment in one's narrative or argument that is going to be most relevant and illuminating. And one cannot turn over thousands and scores of thousands of notes every time one has occasion to refer to a single character. To do so would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. For this reason, when I am having extracts typed, I always have additional carbons made and subsequently filed, according to the references contained in them, in envelopes labelled not chronologically, but under subject, name and place. For instance, if in collecting material for a life of Pepys, I copy a letter containing an illuminating reference to his wife, another to naval stores, and another to his love of music, four copies altogether will have to be made of that particular letter or extract, the first going into a chrono-

logical envelope, the second into an envelope of reference to Pepys's wife, the third into one about naval stores, and the fourth into one devoted to Pepys's love of music.

Yet all this is only a beginning. If one is not to be swamped by one's material and never, as a result, write one's book at all or make it mere pemmican, one has to plan its arrangement again and again until it conforms exactly to the literary shape needed for the work in question. A biography, with its single central subject moving along a straight line through time, is obviously a far easier problem than a book about, shall we say, a global war, when a thousand different events of relevance are occurring simultaneously all over the world. One cannot, without conveying an impression of hopeless confusion and irrelevance to the bewildered reader, relate them all in the exact order in which they happened; yet if one follows the line of least resistance and devotes, say, one chapter to the war in the Mediterranean, another to the North African campaign and another to the Home Front, one falsifies the reality of what one is recording. Wars, as one knows, do not happen like this; the impact of their scattered events on the mind—and therefore on the actions—of those who wage and endure them is simultaneous. My own experience has been that every book requires a different final arrangement of its material, and that one starts each book by laboriously applying the experience of the previous book only to find that the method employed for it is not applicable and that one has to begin all over again. And one is presented, too, with the baffling

problem—one which many conscientious historians try to solve by an interminable qualification of almost every sentence—of having to present truth in a long sequence of words which the reader will take many hours and even weeks to read instead of in a picture which he can see at once as a whole. If, to take an example, one is describing the England of 1814, which should one describe first—its agricultural wealth, superb craftsmanship; social cohesion, or its class injustices, snobbery and brassy indifference to suffering? Whichever one takes first is a falsification of truth till one has corrected it by the other. The painter, however long he takes over his task, knows that when it is finished his audience will see every line, light and shade in his intricate composition at one and the same moment. The historian has not this advantage.

Finally comes the problem of writing. And this, I find, is the hardest of all. For when one writes a letter or a casual essay, one writes as one speaks, straight from the head. But when one writes history one has to construct every paragraph from perhaps a hundred or even a thousand notes, extracts and quotations. To get in everything relevant yet keep the balance of truth and proportion is like piecing together a jig-saw puzzle. Every sentence needs to be rewritten a dozen, sometimes a hundred times. And when one has done so the result at first is completely unreadable. Only by constant re-writing can one re-shape one's fact-tortured prose back to a natural and flowing order from which every unnecessary word and repetition has been deleted and in which every sentence leads naturally to the next, causing the reader to wish to follow it. It is, as I have said, an artificial, laborious business, and it is small wonder that I am a dull fellow.

AN IMPORTANT ACQUISITION BY THE SCOTTISH UNITED SERVICES MUSEUM.



AN ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM OF 1767, WHICH BELONGED TO ADMIRAL SIR JAMES DOUGLAS, BART. (1703-1787): THE WAISTCOAT, THE COAT, SHOWING WAISTCOAT BENEATH IT, AND THE BACK VIEW OF THE COAT. (L. TO R.)

A box of old uniforms and civilian clothes bought in a sale at Springwood Park, Kelso, last May for the United Services Museum, Edinburgh Castle, yielded one most interesting "find." Among the garments it contained was what appeared to be a naval uniform, a long coat with much gold lace, and a long-sleeved white waistcoat with large pocket flaps covered with gold lace. Comparison with portrait engravings confirmed that it was an Admiral's coat of the latter half of the eighteenth century; and it was sent to the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, for experts to see. They identified it as the second official pattern of a flag officer's coat, authorised in 1767. It was the first example of this pattern they had seen. Though many portraits show Admirals wearing such a coat, it had not previously been possible to see what the back view looked like, and also the buttons, which are of a special type, before the introduction of the anchor. The uniform belonged to Sir James Douglas, Bart. (1703-1787), a prominent naval officer. He was a member of the court-martial which tried and condemned Admiral Byng. In 1759, when in the *Alcide*, he served under Sir Charles Saunders at the reduction of Quebec, and was sent home with the news of the success, which obtained for him a knighthood and a gift of £500 from the King. He was created a baronet in 1786. The coat may go later on loan to Greenwich.

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WHERE THE EMPIRE GAMES WERE TO BE OPENED YESTERDAY (JULY 30): AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL PACIFIC PORT, VANCOUVER, CANADA'S THIRD CITY AND THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The British Empire and Commonwealth Games, which the Duke of Edinburgh is shortly to attend, opened yesterday (July 30), Lord Alexander of Tunis being the appointed opener of the Games. A fine stadium for track and field events has been completed near Burrard inlet and one end of it is being unenclosed by seats to give the spectators a magnificent view across the water to the noble forest-covered mountains of the Tantalus Range. This stadium is costing

1,600,000 dollars, is partially covered and seats 10,000. When enlarged after the Games it will seat 58,000 and be Canada's biggest stadium. A new swimming-pool for the Games has been built in the grounds of the University of British Columbia. This University, seven miles from downtown Vancouver, is serving as "Empire Village," and is housing the competing athletes. The rowing events are being held on the Vedder Canal, near Chilliwack, about 50 miles from Vancouver.

Air photograph by Photographic Surveys Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

ROYAL OCCASIONS: RECENT ENGAGEMENTS CARRIED OUT BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.



(ABOVE.) THE QUEEN MOTHER'S ANNUAL TOUR OF LONDON GARDENS: HER MAJESTY INSPECTING A PRIZE-WINNING GARDEN IN DELVINE ROAD, FULHAM.

On July 19 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is patron of the London Gardens Society, made her annual tour of the gardens of some of the Society's members. In our photograph her Majesty can be seen in Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woodward's prize-winning garden at 27, Delvine Road, Fulham.



THE QUEEN MOTHER AT CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE: HER MAJESTY BEING GREETED BY THE PRINCIPAL'S DOG, A CORGI, DURING HER VISIT. On July 20 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother paid a visit to Cheltenham Ladies' College, which has just ended its centenary year celebrations. Her Majesty was welcomed at the school by the Earl of Bessborough, Chairman of the College Council, and by the Principal, Miss Joan Tredgold.

(RIGHT.) PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST, 2ND AND 4TH (T.A.) BATTALIONS OF THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS: H.M. THE QUEEN AT WROUGHTON AIRFIELD.

On July 23 the Queen travelled to Swindon by train to present new Colours to the 1st, 2nd and 4th (T.A.) Battalions, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief. Her Majesty drove from the station through flag-bedecked streets to Wroughton Airfield, where more than 1300 men, including the Regimental Old Comrades' Association, were on parade. Rain was falling as the Queen inspected the parade in a Land-Rover. Afterwards her Majesty watched the old Colours of the 1st and 4th Battalions being marched off parade for the last time.



PRESENTING A STANDARD TO NO. 601 SQUADRON OF THE R.A.A.F.: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. On July 23 the Duke of Edinburgh presented a Standard to No. 601 (County of London) Squadron of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force on the lawns of Buckingham Palace. The Duke addressed the Squadron and took the salute at the march-past.



PRESENTING A CERTIFICATE TO AN AMBULANCE CADET ON CRUTCHES: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH CADET GOODYEAR. On July 25 H.R.H. Princess Margaret was present at a rally of 8000 boy and girl cadets of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Hyde Park. After the review the Princess presented awards. Our photograph shows Miss B. Goodyear, who has had a leg amputated, receiving an illuminated certificate for "outstanding fortitude in suffering."



INSPECTING THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER AT FORMBY. On July 23, in heavy rain, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Colonel-in-Chief of The Manchester Regiment, presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion of the regiment at Harington, Formby, where the battalion recently returned after three years' service in Malaya.

A MILITARY CAMERA WITH A 26-MILE RANGE,
DEVELOPED BY THE U.S. ARMY SIGNALS.



TAKEN WITH AN ORDINARY PRESS CAMERA: A DISTANT VIEW OF NEW YORK CITY FROM ATLANTIC HEIGHTS, N.J., 26 MILES FROM THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. IN THE CENTRE IS SANDY HOOK; WITH BROOKLYN BEHIND. BELOW IS THE SAME VIEW TAKEN WITH THE NEW LONG-RANGE CAMERA.



THE U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS' NEW LONG-RANGE CAMERA WITH A SPECIAL 100-IN. TELEPHOTO LENS (FITTED WITH F:12.5 INFRA-RED LENS) WHICH TAKES LONG-RANGE PHOTOGRAPHS LIKE THE EXAMPLE BELOW.



THE SAME VIEW AS ABOVE, LEFT AND FROM THE SAME VIEW-POINT, BUT TAKEN WITH THE INFRA-RED TELEPHOTO LENS OF THE NEW LONG-RANGE CAMERA, ABOVE, RIGHT. IN THE FOREGROUND, SANDY HOOK AND ITS LIGHTHOUSE; BEYOND, LOWER BAY (BLACK WITH A WHITE BUOY); AND BEYOND, CONEY ISLAND, BROOKLYN AND MANHATTAN, TELESCOPICALLY COMPRESSED AND DOMINATED BY THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, RIGHT, 26 MILES FROM THE CAMERA.

The remarkable long-range camera shown above has been developed by the U.S. Army Signal Corps Engineering Laboratories at Fort Monmouth, N.J. The lower photograph shown was taken with a special F:12.5 infra-red lens made by the Eastman Kodak Co. Another type lens is projected to take photographs with "visible" light for still and motion picture use and this might then be adapted to a television camera, thus enabling a distant landscape to be watched conveniently

and continuously. The nearest range of the camera is 500 yards. At 20,000 yards (the last setting on the range scale) it covers a 3000-ft. front; and as can be seen, in the example given, at "infinity" it can penetrate as far as 26 miles. At 6 miles it can pick out in detail a Jeep or weapons carrier; and it has many obvious tactical uses. It takes a still picture 5 ins. by 7 ins. Two types of camera box are being tested: one using a beam-bending system, the other, a 58-in. gun-type barrel.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE CALEDONIAN "FROLICK."

"THE HIGHLAND JAUNT." By MORAY McLAREN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"SHALL we ever have another frolick like our journey to the Hebrides?" So wrote Johnson at the age of seventy-three to Boswell nearly ten years after the Scottish tour which the two men had made in 1773. Boswell called his first seriously intended literary composition (an account of an autumn journey which he made in Ayrshire and South-West Scotland in 1762) *Journal of My Harvest Jaunt*, and jaunt was a word he often used. As this book is primarily a study of James Boswell during the Highland and Hebridean part of the famous journey he took with Doctor Johnson, I have named it *The Highland Jaunt*. That is from Mr. McLaren's Preface, and explains his—may I say?—jaunty title. But "study," with its implications of academic brow-knitting, is an inadequate word for his enchanting book. It is one more delightful travel book, recording travels through space and time. For, after nearly two centuries, on horseback, in boats, and on foot he followed in the track of the famous pair. Readers of Boswell's account, or of Johnson's, have always journeyed in imagination with the two of them, sojourned with them, and listened to the talk of them and their hosts. But now there is a far from "shadowy third" with them. Mr. McLaren sticks so faithfully to their itinerary, roughing it where they roughed it, re-creating amid ruins the scenes they witnessed, staying sometimes in the same houses as they, with the descendants of the lairds they knew, quoting freely both from their records and from his own encounters, that he has woven a new thread into the old story. So vividly, that, if I live into my dotage, I shall probably insist, to the despair of younger Johnsonians, that the two did not travel alone; but had a friend called McLaren with them.

Mr. McLaren starts with Johnson's arrival in Edinburgh. This gives him a chance of a vivid description of the Edinburgh of that day, physically and socially. Amongst other things which he notes is the fact, that "For huge sustained drinking, eighteenth-century Edinburgh must have been difficult to beat at any place, at any time, in the world's history. Judges, advocates, Writers to the Signet, lords, some ladies, country lairds, tradesmen and ministers consumed amounts of wine and spirits to an extent that makes one think that one is reading some saga of festivals in Valhalla. And the remarkable thing was how little

in the achievement of a near miracle (bringing Johnson to Scotland) but was on the tip-toe of expectation, looking forward to what were to be amongst the happiest and best three months of his life."

Boswell and Johnson proceeded from Edinburgh through the East Lowlands; Johnson was well received at St. Andrews and was given the freedom of the city by the burghers of Aberdeen. But it was at Inverness that they entered the Gaelic part of Scotland, and it is there that Mr. McLaren rejoins them. After identifying sites which Johnson visited in Inverness, he, and a companion who stayed with him until the mainland had been crossed, set forth on ponies along Loch Ness-side, which provoked Mr. McLaren into

Johnson and Lord Auchinlech, Boswell's father, and so on. But for me, high on the list would come Anoch and the day after Anoch when the travellers took the road westwards under the guidance of MacQueen their landlord."



WHERE JOHNSON AND BOSWELL WERE ENTERTAINED BY LADY MACLEOD: DUNVEGAN CASTLE, ISLE OF SKYE. By courtesy of the British Museum.

"'Boswell, we came in at the wrong end of this island,' said Johnson when they reached the comfort of Dunvegan. 'Sir,' replied his disciple, 'it was best to keep this for the last,' to which Johnson, looking round at Lady MacLeod's drawing-room, said: 'I'd have it both first and last.'"

Illustrations from the book "The Highland Jaunt," by courtesy of the publishers, Jarrold.

reflections on what Johnson would have thought and said about the Loch Ness Monster, who keeps on reappearing though he has not yet been reported as sailing the Caledonian skies in a Flying Saucer. Soon they got into very wild country, General Wade's old road from Fort Augustus to the West being largely obliterated. It was still traceable from the air and they had "to rely solely on my friend's airborne vision of the road which Johnson and Boswell had climbed before us and in circumstances easier than we had done." But they were determined to press on to their first important Highland landmark, Anoch, where Johnson met the learned, Jacobite innkeeper MacQueen.

sea, waiting for boat and wind. Boswell [sic] grows impatient; but the kind treatment which I find everywhere I go makes me leave with some heaviness of heart an Island which I am not likely to see again. . . ."

He did not see it again.

Johnson's Highland tour ended at Inveraray with a Duke of Argyll: so did Mr. McLaren's in 1952. "As my host left me to wander as I willed and to browse away my leisure in his library, I made my final notes for this book in an atmosphere of pleasant appropriateness."

I have already read the book twice, and hope to come to it fresh annually; its merits do not mainly depend on Boswell and Johnson, though well-chosen



"INVERNESS; AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VIEW OF THE 'CAPITAL OF THE HIGHLANDS' ABOUT THE TIME BOSWELL AND JOHNSON STAYED THERE." By courtesy of the British Museum.

"'We were now to bid farewell to the luxury of travelling, and to enter a country upon which perhaps no wheel has ever rolled.' With this characteristic, reverberating, yet surely joyful sentence, Johnson announced the travellers' departure from Inverness."

harm it seemed to do them." Boswell certainly took his full share in these debauches. One evening in 1774 he and five others consumed the equivalent of nearly thirty modern pints of claret and hock and half-a-dozen modern bottles of brandy and gin: "he attended the Kirk next day and the court on Monday morning." On the tour, as a rule, he behaved himself, though once tempted into a dreadful orgy with punch after Johnson had gone to bed: sociability was his undoing, and a desire to show that he could hold his own with men whose heads were stronger than his. When Johnson arrived in Edinburgh the question did not arise. "Bozzy was not only exulting

At this point Mr. McLaren breaks into a dithyrambic survey of some of the "high lights" of the former journey.

"If one," says the author, "could in fact as well as in imagination roll back the years and spend a short period of time in one particular place with Boswell and Johnson in the Highland, Hebridean and western part of their journey, one would be hard put to it to make the choice: Raasay, off Skye, on the night of the impromptu ball; Coirechatachan on the evening of Boswell's drunkenness; the same place on the eve of the travellers' departure from Skye; the meeting with Flora Macdonald; the encounter with the deaf minister on Coll; the ruined chapel at Inch Kenneth on the night when Boswell crept out in the darkness and alone so pitifully yet so passionately to invoke the Saint to pray for him for forgiveness of his sins; the ducal snubbing at Inveraray; the scene of the awful quarrel between

extracts from them are as good props for a book as well-chosen extracts from Shakespeare. Had Mr. McLaren made his tour without reference to his predecessors at all he would still have produced a charming volume: he enjoys things so heartily, he has such a happy appreciation of oddities of character and speech (there is a first-class Cockney in Skye here, lamenting the failure to exploit Flora Macdonald properly), he has such a talent for seeing and describing the wild landscapes, the sun-gleams through clouds lighting brilliant patches of scenery, the rocks, the mists, the rain, the storms. He has also a very agreeable English (I hope I am not supposed to use the word "British" here!) style.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 194 of this issue.



MR. MORAY McLAREN, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Photograph by Paul Shillabeer.

Mr. Moray McLaren, born in 1901, is the author of "Return to Scotland," "A Way-farer in Poland," "Escape and Return," and other books. He is well known as a broadcaster and was first B.B.C. Programme Director for Scotland. During the war he worked for the Foreign Office.

Even that panoramic survey omits some of the notable visits of the three: to Columba's Isle, for one thing, and, most notably, to Dunvegan Castle, home of the Macleods of Macleod, which led Johnson, when at last they reached it, to exclaim: "Boswell, we came in at the wrong end of this island." Here Johnson was at the top of his form, in congenial, cultivated company, and the range of subjects on which he discoursed might make an Encyclopædist quail. When Mr. McLaren visited Dunvegan, still happily in the hands of the chief of the clan, the owner was away but he had the run of the house. Where, hanging framed on a wall, he found the letter which Dr. Johnson, before leaving Skye, wrote to Norman MacLeod, thanking him for his hospitality:—

"DEAR SIR,

We are now on the margin of the sea, waiting for boat and wind. Boswell [sic] grows impatient; but the kind treatment which I find everywhere I go makes me leave with some heaviness of heart an Island which I am not likely to see again. . . ."

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"THE CHAPEL AT INCHKENNETH AND THE STONE CROSS BEFORE WHICH BOSWELL KNELT AND PRAYED." [From a print in the possession of Mr. Moray McLaren.]

"Inchkenneth is about a mile long and half-a-mile broad. . . . In the days of St. Columba it contained a minor and subordinate religious foundation under the rule of St. Kenneth, a favourite friend of Columba's, who gave this little jewel of an island into his keeping. . . . The ruins of the chapel still stand; and near by is a slender Celtic cross in an almost perfect state of preservation."

* "The Highland Jaunt: A Study of James Boswell and Samuel Johnson upon their Highland and Hebridean Tour of 1773." By Moray McLaren. Illustrated. (Jarrold; 16s.)



ABLE TO GO FOR LONG PERIODS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER : A THOROUGHbred WAHIBA CAMEL WHICH IS HARDIER THAN THE BATINA, AND CONSEQUENTLY PREFERRED BY THE BADU.



PROBABLY THE FINEST CAMEL IN THE WORLD AND VERY FAST AND COMFORTABLE : A THOROUGHbred FEMALE BATINA CAMEL. THE ARABS WILL NOT RIDE MALE CAMELS. SHIPS OF THE DESERT NEAR BURAIMI, CURRENTLY IN DISPUTE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND SAUDI ARABIA : TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF THE FINE CAMELS USED BY THE ARABS IN THE "EMPTY QUARTER."

Such camels as these are in frequent use in the "Empty Quarter." Near by lies the Buraimi Oasis, the subject of a dispute between Britain and Saudi Arabia. In the House of Commons on July 21, however, Mr. Lloyd, Minister of State, said that he was "hopeful" of agreement in the near future. Fresh

British proposals had been put forward in Jeddah on June 28, and apparently regarded favourably by the Saudi Arabian Government. The photographs on this page were taken by Mr. Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O., who also took those of the "Empty Quarter" which appear on the following two pages.



A SEA OF CRESCENT DUNES: A VIEW OF THE "EMPTY QUARTER" OF SAUDI ARABIA AFTER A LONG RAINLESS PERIOD, SHOWING COMPLETE LACK OF VEGETATION.



"TIDAL WAVES" IN THE DESERT: A SAND-DUNE CHAIN IN THE "EMPTY QUARTER." THE DUNES ARE ANYTHING FROM 400 TO 500 FT. HIGH.

THE SEA CALLED A DESERT: THE "EMPTY QUARTER," IN SOUTHERN SAUDI ARABIA, WHERE SAND-

Rub al-Khali, or the "Empty Quarter," is a vast area of desert stretching across Saudi Arabia from the edge of the palm groves of the Trucial Coast and the Oman in the south-east to the borders of the Yemen in the west. Mr. Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O., who has travelled in and around the "Empty Quarter," has

sent us some photographs, which we reproduce above, showing how apt is the name given to that part of the desert. The area can be compared with an enormous inland sea, with mountainous tidal waves in the form of sand-dune chains some 400 or 500 ft. high. Like the sea, the sands change colour; sometimes



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DESERT IN THE "EMPTY QUARTER" AFTER A HEAVY RAINFALL. SOON PLANTS WILL GROW AND BUTTERFLIES AND LARKS APPEAR.



THE CREST ON TOP OF ONE OF THE DUNES. THE COLOUR OF THE SAND VARIES FROM SILVER AND GOLD TO ROSE AND BRICK-RED.

DUNE CHAINS RUN FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES AND RISE LIKE MOUNTAINOUS TIDAL WAVES.

silver or gold, sometimes rose or brick-red. Although a few Arabs eke out a precarious living in these desolate wastes with their small herds of camels, the traveller could ride for many days without seeing anyone. It very rarely rains. Indeed, it has been known not to rain for a quarter of a century or more. The

sands, however, are very fertile and if there is sufficient rain to penetrate a few feet within a few months plants grow and flower, the "Empty Quarter" becomes alive with butterflies, larks, mice and hares, and tribesmen graze their camels on the green pastures which form.

IN the May issue of the *Revue Internationale de la Croix-Rouge* M. Frédéric Sordet, Vice-President of the International Committee of the Red Cross, writes of the ninetieth anniversary of the Geneva Convention of 1864. In a supplement to the June issue appears an English translation. The Vice-President, whose ability and practical idealism I learnt to appreciate at the meetings of the advisory committee which I attended this year at Geneva, outlines the grave problems with which the Red Cross is now confronted. I speak of the Red Cross, but it must be realised that the conference of 1864 was a conference of national representatives, some of whom were actually authorised to sign a convention, while others were authorised to negotiate but not to sign. The representatives of the International Committee of Geneva (not yet known by the title of Red Cross) were invited to attend, without speaking or voting, as a tribute to their work in bringing the conference about. It has been throughout the spirit and initiative of the International Committee which have been responsible for work done then and since in the cause of saving life and avoiding needless suffering in war.

The Committee had itself been born only the previous year, 1863, and the germ of it had appeared in the mind of Henry Dunant in June, 1859, after the Battle of Solferino, at which he had been present. The losses had amounted to about 39,000 out of about 320,000 on the two sides, Franco-Sardinian and Austrian, combined. The French medical services broke down and the wounded suffered atrociously. Dunant was a Genevan, and it was to Geneva that he turned for aid in humanising war. Curiously enough, no one knows who proposed the red cross as a protective badge. Previously, ambulances and hospitals had been marked by colours which varied according to nationality. It is known that the Prussian Loeffler, a medical officer, proposed an international sign, but the official report of the conference of 1863 is silent about the name of the author of that which was adopted. The flag developed in compliment to Switzerland, the birthplace of the Red Cross and the seat of the International Committee. It is the Swiss flag with colours inverted: red cross on white instead of white cross on red.

M. Sordet remarks at the beginning of his article that within the last ninety years many international treaties have fallen into abeyance, whereas the Geneva Convention has grown and developed. Thrice it has been revised and amplified. It has been broadened to cover armed forces at sea, for which no provision was made in 1864, then prisoners of war, and finally civilians. The writer claims that the Red Cross is entitled to pride as it looks back on all that has been accomplished, on the great legal structure that has been built round the original convention, and upon the various other treaties which the Red Cross has in varying degree inspired. It is indeed a great record for what began as a private voluntary organisation with meagre financial resources, an organisation which had no recognised position in international law, which is not even mentioned in the Geneva Convention of 1864—or, for that matter, in the Geneva Convention of 1906—and the Hague Conventions.

That is the good side of the medal. Turn it over, and horrors are revealed. The acute might expect them from what I have written in the last paragraph. "Is it not odd," they might enquire, "that, having secured a convention protecting those who look after the sick and wounded and ensuring good treatment to the latter, the Red Cross should later have to intervene in favour of prisoners of war? Is it not still more astonishing that it should later have to intervene in favour of civilians?" It is indeed. "Whereas," writes M. Sordet, "the 1864 Convention did, in fact, represent a victory of the spirit of humanity over a state of affairs which had existed for centuries, its successive revisions and extensions are hardly more than dams or dykes erected to stem the fury of war." We have, he points out, arrived at the paradox of the fourth Geneva Convention (that of 1949, relating to protection of civilians) and, having proclaimed that a wounded soldier, unable to fight, should be protected to the same extent as a civilian, have to try to provide, eighty-five years later, that the sick, women, and children shall enjoy respect equal to that assured to members of the armed forces.

It is only too true. What is worse is that the prospect of success is indifferent and that many people

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

"INTER ARMA CARITAS."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

in the most highly civilised countries are arguing that what was then laid down has become a dead letter. This is a thesis to which the Red Cross will not agree. It is precluded from agreement by its very constitution. Nor will it admit that nations can treat as a dead letter rules to which their accredited representatives have set their signatures and which have been duly ratified, without expressly withdrawing their assent to them. But what if nations, while unwilling to incur the shame of such disavowals, disregard the rules in practice, as often occurred in the Second World War? This was the dilemma which faced us when we met at the headquarters in Geneva last April.

When the first Geneva Convention was drawn up the range of weapons was such that the danger to civilians in a battle in the field was small, and the only serious danger, apart from deliberate cruelty, was that present in attacks on fortified cities and towns. As ranges increased and the power of explosives grew, the danger naturally grew also, but it could be

acceptable method of fighting. And people become hardened and coarsened by the repetition of such arguments. Many who were angered and disgusted by a notorious book written after the last war are not shocked by the "cynically realistic speeches" of to-day. In this respect the future is black, unless, as I have suggested may happen, the new weapons scare the world out of war.

In his summing up M. Sordet declares that, though war has proved stronger than the Red Cross, the latter has done good service to mankind. As a proof of what it has achieved he asks us to compare the fate of prisoners of war in countries where the Convention of 1929 with regard to them was in force with that of prisoners lacking this legal protection. The Convention has up to now limited damage and suffering. The Red Cross has saved millions of the victims of war. Occasionally you will see a small paragraph about a ship bringing home men parted from their families for up to ten years, but to discover

all that is being done you have to go to the publications of the International Committee and the National Societies themselves. On some of its activities the Committee is guarded. Doubtless it feels that too much talk about its negotiations in the past might make these harder in the future.

The Latin motto "Inter Arma Caritas" was well chosen. The Red Cross did not set itself up to end war, and Dunant himself thought that there would always be wars. Alleviation of suffering, the interdiction of barbarous practices, the maintenance of respect for the helpless—these were its aims. They were practical aims, at least for by far the greater proportion of the life of the International Committee of the Red Cross, and it has always been administered by practical people. It was possible to humanise war and, in fact, it was to a great extent humanised. To-day the Red Cross might almost adopt a second Latin motto, "Nil desperandum!" It does not yield a foot of its ground or drop its moral standards by the merest fraction. Those whose consciences have been ruined treat it with impatience. It remains the sole organisation for which, to speak in worldly terms, a lofty and unchanging moral standard on these matters is profitable and worth while, because it has never relaxed its ideals and because it has never lost any of its prestige. When it speaks, Governments still listen, though they may too often fail to live up to its standards.

I think, however, its members now recognise that, whereas in the rôle of officials their task may continue to be that of mitigation of evils, yet as human beings they must also fight to end war, because mitigation cannot in present circumstances do enough. In the last paragraph of his article M. Sordet speaks of a mental and spiritual revival as the only means still available to men to turn civilisation back from the suicidal course on which it has embarked. I should count more happily on the prospect of this did I not fear the power of Governments, either through compulsion or propaganda, to persuade their peoples that the use of any kind of weapon is justified in the interests of national survival. Ignorance is another brake on action. How many people are aware, for example, that a great many Governments, including those of the majority of the Great Powers, have not ratified the Geneva Conventions of 1949 and are therefore not bound by them?

Both Henry Dunant and General Dufour, the Federal Swiss Commander-in-Chief who presided over the Conference of 1864, would have been appalled had they been able to foresee this change of attitude. Whatever their difficulties, it must be said that they were given generous co-operation in their tasks. But the Red Cross goes on in their spirit, taking action wherever this is practicable and keeping up a stubborn defensive where it is not. When individuals display a tendency to homicidal lunacy you can lock them up. When nations do so you can only reason with them.

A NEWLY-CLEANED NATIONAL GALLERY PICTURE.



"THE EXHUMATION OF ST. HUBERT": A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH PAINTING, RECENT CLEANING OF WHICH HAS REVEALED INTERESTING DETAIL AND A SPECTACULAR BRILLIANCE OF COLOURING.

The National Gallery fifteenth-century Flemish painting, "The Exhumation of St. Hubert," has been placed on exhibition again after a year in the restorer's studio. The painting was dirty and had been considerably overpainted, not only to hide damage, but apparently to please the taste of some previous owner. The forearm and elegantly gesturing hand of the princely layman in the foreground had been made to disappear by a complete overpainting of the cope of the Archbishop behind him. Photographs illustrating this in detail appear on page 175. The pattern of the rich material of the altar frontal has also been revealed and the brilliant effect of light coming through the tall windows. The previous condition of the picture made its authorship difficult to determine. Until 1945 it was catalogued merely under "Flemish School"; though Dr. Max J. Friedländer had attributed it since 1924 to Rogier van der Weyden. Mr. Martin Davies, in his catalogue of the Early Netherlandish School in the National Gallery of 1945, recognised stylistic affinity with Rogier, but did not accept the attribution in full. The cleaning has seemed to bear out his view. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.)

confined by agreements and by the definition of military objectives. Since then science has unchained physical forces and these have got completely out of hand. They are unselective. They kill and destroy at random. They are likely to do many times as much damage to civilian populations and to the works of men's hands—sometimes priceless heritages of civilisation—as to the opposing armed forces. They are also likely to be used without scruple. This was the case with the bombs of the Second World War. Just because a town stood in the path of an advancing division, it was often bombed relentlessly without any effort having been made to discover whether it was occupied in a military sense. Often there was not a soldier in it and all loss fell on civilian inhabitants.

"If," writes M. Sordet, "an infantry officer orders his men to kill the women and children in a village into which he penetrates, he is regarded as a war criminal, even in his own country. But if he is transferred to the Air Force and orders his squadron to drop bombs on that same village and raze it to the

A NATIONAL GALLERY REVELATION.



SHOWING THE FOREARM AND HAND PAINTED OUT: DETAIL OF THE FIGURE OF THE PRINCELY LAYMAN IN "THE EXHUMATION OF ST. HUBERT," BEFORE CLEANING.



WITH THE LEFT HAND AND FOREARM REVEALED: THE NATIONAL GALLERY "THE EXHUMATION OF ST. HUBERT" ILLUSTRATED IN DETAIL, AFTER CLEANING.

On the facing page in this issue we illustrate the 15th-century Flemish painting "The Exhumation of St. Hubert," which has recently been cleaned and is now on exhibition in the Duveen Room. Here we give detail photographs showing how the forearm and elegantly gesturing hand of the princely layman in the foreground had been made to disappear by a complete over-painting of the cope of the Archbishop behind him; and of the same detail of the painting after cleaning had revealed the figure as the artist originally depicted him. Attribution of the painting has been modified by the cleaning, which has revealed a brilliance of colour which suggests a hand perhaps skilled in miniature painting; and supports Mr. Martin Davies' reluctance to give it to Rogier van der Weyden. It was formerly owned by William Beckford, and later belonged to Sir Charles Eastlake, first Director of the National Gallery, which acquired it from his widow, in 1868. It probably reached England before the end of the eighteenth century.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

IMPRESSIVE BUILDINGS IN MOSCOW.

The U.S.S.R. Agricultural Exhibition, due to open in Moscow on August 1, is designed to illustrate "the most advanced achievements of all the workers in the Soviet countryside" and to draw attention to the success of the modern methods of agriculture introduced under the Soviet régime. Seventy-six pavilions have been erected in a specially constructed "Garden City" in Moscow, in which over 40,000 rose bushes, up to five millions of flowering plants, tens of thousands of trees and hundreds of thousands of shrubs have been planted along the walks and by the ornamental water. Animals from the best farms throughout the country will be on view, including fur-bearing creatures from the Altai territory for the Hunting and Fur-Bearing Animal Breeding Pavilion. The Pavilion of Mechanisation and the Electrification of Agriculture is one of the most impressive and contains a huge hall, over 210 ft. high, above which is the immense bowl of the glass dome.



THE U.S.S.R. AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN MOSCOW, DUE TO OPEN ON AUGUST 1: THE MAIN ENTRANCE SHOWING A PAVILION. THE EXHIBITION OCCUPIES AN AREA OF 500 ACRES.



ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE OF THE SEVENTY-SIX PAVILIONS: THE PAVILION OF MECHANISATION AND THE ELECTRIFICATION OF AGRICULTURE.



SHOWING THE ELABORATE STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE, WHICH RECALLS THE TASTE OF THE VICTORIAN ERA IN THIS COUNTRY: THE SIBERIAN PAVILION AT THE U.S.S.R. AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION SITUATED IN A SPECIALLY BUILT "GARDEN CITY" IN MOSCOW.



IN 1816, Thomas Coke of Norfolk, famous in the history of British agriculture for his experiments in crop rotation, bought a few manuscripts and printed books, among them the fourteenth-century manuscript known as The Holkham Bible Picture Book, which is reproduced in facsimile in this splendid publication, with an introduction and commentary by Dr. W. O. Hassall, of the Bodleian Library.

Four of the Coke manuscripts were sold years ago to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for £100,000. This one, for which Coke paid £30, remained in the library at Holkham. Mr. Morgan had offered £25,000 for it. The offer was refused, but in the fullness of time English Death Duties were successful where American dealers had failed; in 1952, a whole group of Holkham books, including this remarkable manuscript, were acquired for the British Museum. It is a remarkable volume for several reasons, but chiefly because it appears to be the only surviving example of a book made, not for the personal use of either an ecclesiastic or a highly educated layman, but for circulation among the ordinary well-to-do—a sort of History of Salvation in a series of strip cartoons, with a minimum of text, and that in Anglo-Norman, not Latin. Dr. Hassall comments—"The use of Anglo-Norman suggests that this book was directed to a comfortable and educated, but not high-brow, audience of laymen or ladies, for Latin was the language of clerks and English of the lower classes, while French would be intelligible *lingua franca* to all educated people."

The book was commissioned by a Dominican Friar who is seen on the first page telling the artist that it is intended for display to rich people; the artist is sitting down at his work and replies, rather offhandedly over his shoulder, that "if God grant him long enough life you will never see another such book"—a fine, self-confident, enthusiastic statement, which would appear to indicate that he trusted not only his own ability but his patron's reputation. Who was

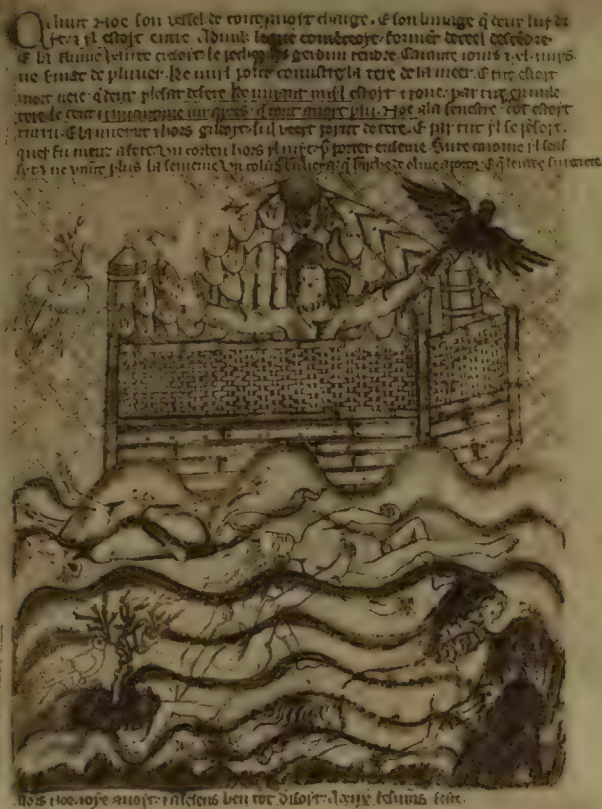
this patron? Nobody knows, but it is suggested that he could well have been a carpenter, that is, one of the big men, architect-cum-builder-cum-woodworker, who were among the most solid of the middle classes at the time, because of the frequency with which woodworking tools appear and the accuracy with which they are shown. The artist? Nobody knows either, except that he is to be found somewhere among the anonymous few who painted on walls rather than on a miniature scale, for his work seems to have more affinity with wall-paintings than with manuscripts.

The story is told in forty-two folio leaves and except for two blank pages every leaf is illustrated. I don't think anyone will claim a very high place for the book as a work of art, but as an historical document, illustrating both the material surroundings and the mode of thought of a generation which loved and lived and feared 600 years ago, it is of extraordinary importance. We look at these pictures without knowing the circumstances of the time—or rather we should look at them thus blindly were it not for the shrewd and learned commentary. We see the story of Herod and the Massacre of the Innocents, for example, and then Herod's maltreatment of the aristocracy and the slaughter of one of them. What would people think of this story, told in this way, in the decade 1320-30? "Early fourteenth-century minds were tuned to see historical and psychological parallels by their preachers and even to regard them as more important than the letter of a specific text. Edward II.'s opposition to the nobles was notorious, and a parallel between him and Herod would seem natural to those who compared the execution of Thomas of Lancaster in 1322 to the murder of Becket. . . . After Herod's violent death, his sister is shown killing people whom history says she released. On this she-wolf's disappearance a youthful and pleasant-looking king called Archelaus ascended the throne, and the exiles returned, as in November, 1330, when the god-like Edward III. assumed power." If this interpretation may seem a little far-fetched, the Wheel of Fortune picture on Folio 4 can surely be explained in the light of contemporary events.

Round the circumference of the wheel are four figures of a king, grasping, wearing, losing and without, a crown, and the explanation is given in Latin. "*Regnabo, regno, regnavi, sum sine regno.*" ("I shall reign, I reign, I have reigned, I am without a kingdom.") What would this signify to the reader? Merely a commentary upon the life of man? Mr. Hassall suggests it would have a very definite meaning, as it was passed from hand to hand among the pious penitents who had listened to the good Dominican's sermons. It is true, he points out, that such allegories of the ups and downs of fortune had been popular wall-paintings in the reign of Henry III., but that the subjects of Edward III. could scarcely fail to connect the picture with the horrible murder of Edward II. Indeed, he suggests that this page may have been added after the murder, especially as the opposite page may have been altered in compliment to Edward III. after his accession. This facing page (Folio 2) shows God in the midst of the cosmos holding a pair of open compasses. Above are twelve winged angels. Part of the background contains *fleurs-de-lis*, which, says our school of thought, is a singular circumstance because the *fleur-de-lis* does not appear in any of the other pages. The suggestion is, therefore, that this has some connection with the claims of Edward III. to the throne of France.

I must refer the reader to the book itself for further argument on the point, merely remarking that it must be only too easy to read into some minor decorative theme a political moral if you happen to have taken an interest in the politics of the period. The compasses which God holds in His Hand could possibly

be regarded as a delicate compliment to the book's patron if he were in fact a carpenter, but there, again, the suggestion seems to me to be a little strained, for the symbol was familiar enough, as Dr. Hassall



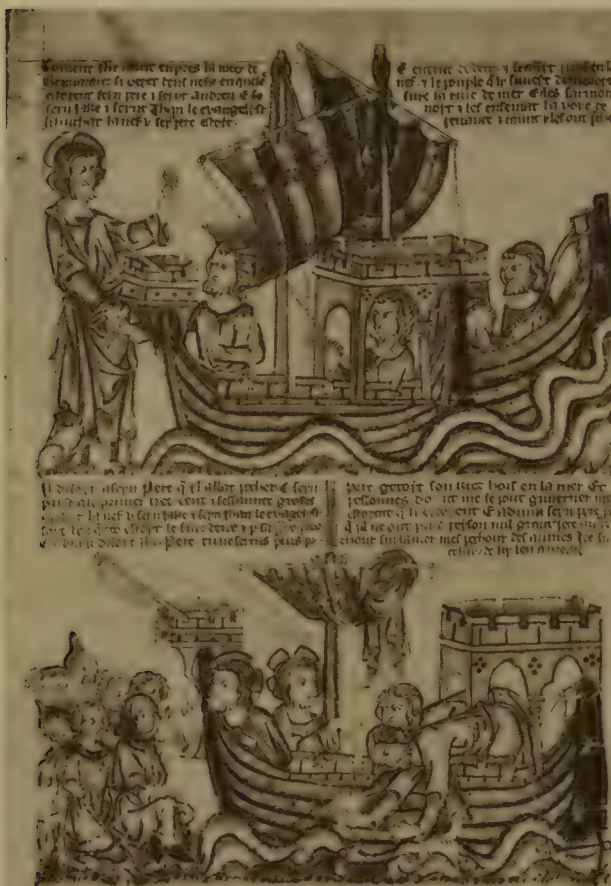
"THE DOVE AND THE RAVEN"; FOLIO 8 OF THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY HOLKHAM BIBLE PICTURE BOOK.

In the fourteenth-century Bible Picture Book, Folio 8 bears a representation of Noah and the Dove and the Raven. This is reproduced in colour in the facsimile Holkham Bible Picture Book which Frank Davis reviews on this page. "In the symbolism of the ark," writes Dr. Hassall in the Commentary, "there was no doubt that Noah was a figure for Christ, and this idea may be indicated here by the way in which Noah stretches out his arms to free the black raven with his left hand and the white dove with his right, like Christ on the Cross between the good and the bad thieves. The raven and the dove express vice and virtue."

notes. "God and Compasses, a symbol familiar to Freemasons and recalled in the tavern sign 'Goat and Compasses,' occurs in Anglo-Saxon art of about 1000, in the *Bible Moralisee*, *Queen Mary's Psalter*, and the *Carew Poyntz Horae* as well as in the poetry of Milton and the painting of Blake. . . . By the later Middle Ages they had come to signify Science and Philosophy in general. . . ."

I gather that the general opinion is that all the drawings are by the same hand; if that is so I would venture to suggest that the draughtsman was bored by some of his pages, for it is a little difficult to reconcile the exceptionally accurate and careful drawing of the drowned animals and human beings of, for example, the Flood (Folio 8) with the poor quality of many other pages. He is extremely accurate in his rendering of implements—spades, axes, etc.—and Sir James Mann, in an appendix, notes a similar accuracy in his treatment of armour. He is fairly good with ships, but is evidently no sailor, for he seems to regard sails rather as curtains blowing in the wind than as means of propulsion. His naïvety (and that of his age) is charming. Noah is building the ark and is told by God that he must hurry; so he hangs up his adze and gets busy with wicker-work for the upper part. He is also rather dim, for the only idea that occurs to him to illustrate the story of how Mary treasured these things in her heart was to show her as holding her heart in her hands as if it were a purse. He seems to have been familiar with iron manufacture, for the damned are being efficiently roasted in what is presumably intended to be a blast-furnace—or is it a kiln? If the manuscript is delightful, the commentary, with its range of knowledge, is no less so—the oddest pieces of information appear on every other page. Did you know that when St. James journeyed to Spain he took with him the cock which crowed when St. Peter denied Christ? The cock's plumes were preserved as relics in several places, and pilgrims bought the chickens descended from it!

* "The Holkham Bible Picture Book." Introduction and commentary by W. O. Hassall, M.A. (The Droghda Press, £12 12s.).



"THE THREE FISHING BOATS" (ABOVE); AND (BELOW) "THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES," THE SCENES DEPICTED ON FOLIO 22 OF THE HOLKHAM BIBLE PICTURE BOOK, AND REPRODUCED IN COLOUR IN THE FACSIMILE VOLUME.

In the upper illustration on Folio 22 of The Holkham Bible Picture Book "Christ spies two ships, one with SS. Peter and Andrew, the other with SS. James and John the Evangelist. The vessels have striped sails, bowsprit on foremast, rudders and tillers, and each has a helmsman steering towards Jesus." In the lower picture, which illustrates the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, "The crowd sits on the beach. Christ at the prow bids the people repent. He is shown again facing towards the stern and telling Peter to fish. Two disciples lean over the port bulwark and raise a wide-meshed net, here said to contain three hundred and sixty great fishes. Nobody holds the helm, for a clearly drawn anchor hangs overboard. . . . The miraculous draught symbolised the conversion of the Gentiles."

Illustrations reproduced from "The Holkham Bible Picture Book," Facsimile Volume, London, 1954.

FRENCH PAINTINGS ON VIEW IN EDINBURGH.



"NURSE AND CHILD"; BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919), PAINTED 1893-94. THE CHILD IS PROBABLY JEAN RENOIR, NOW A FILM DIRECTOR. (16½ by 12½ ins.)



"TROPICAL LANDSCAPE, MARTINIQUE," 1887; BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903). PAINTED DURING HIS SHORT STAY IN THE ISLAND, 1887-88. (44½ by 35 ins.)

A SMALL BUT VERY CHOICE LOAN EXHIBITION.



"HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF A YOUNG GIRL"; c. 1890; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), A BRILLIANTLY PAINTED WORK. (22 by 17½ ins.)



"BALLET SCENE"; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), PAINTED 1896-98. A COMPOSITION WITH WARM ORANGE AND RED COLOURING. THE MAITLAND COLLECTION CONTAINS FOUR WORKS BY DEGAS. (19 by 24½ ins.)



"THREE TAHITIANS," 1897; BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903). THE PREVIOUS FRAME COVERED NEARLY 2 INS. AT THE BOTTOM, THUS SPOILING THE DESIGN. (28½ by 36½ ins.)



"HEAD"; BY GEORGES ROUAULT, c. 1936 (B. 1871), A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE POWERFUL WORK OF THIS ARTIST. (24½ by 19 ins.)



"THE OPEN WINDOW," c. 1899; BY EDOUARD VUILLARD (1868-1940), ONE OF TWO DELIGHTFUL INTERIORS BY THIS ARTIST IN THE COLLECTION. (21½ by 17 ins.)



"DUTCH PEASANT WOMAN"; BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890), PERHAPS THE FINEST OF THE PEASANT HEADS PAINTED AT NUENEN IN 1885. (18½ by 14 ins.)

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Maitland's collection of French paintings, which they have most generously lent for exhibition at the National Gallery of Scotland, is numerically very small—it consists of fourteen pictures—but there can be few collections of comparable size in which the quality of the works is so uniformly high. Except for a powerful profile head by Rouault, the pictures it contains all belong to the second half of the nineteenth century, and range in date from two impressive Courbet landscapes to two Vuillard interiors of the '90's. The best-known works in the collection are probably the two large and glowing

canvases by Gauguin, although van Gogh's dark and tragic Dutch peasant woman has also been frequently reproduced. It should be noted that early reproductions of Gauguin's "Three Tahitians" show nearly 2 ins. less at the bottom of the painting, as this strip was covered by the previous frame, thus partly spoiling the composition. The head by Degas which we reproduce is brilliantly painted, and may have taught Sickert much. The child in the Renoir painting is probably Jean Renoir, who is now a well-known film director. The pictures will remain on exhibition until August 15.



The seaside holiday-maker to-day strolling along the beaches may turn with his foot, a stone with fossil traces in it; and especially if he is walking on the Yorkshire or Dorset coasts, may have before him a remnant of Jurassic times and part of the evidence for the fantastic life which our artist portrays above. On page 180 Dr. Swinton describes how the rocks which preserve the remains of these prehistoric beasts were laid down over most of England; and how, piquantly enough, they were first brought to light by an acute and commercially alert spinster of Lyme Regis in Jane Austen's days, aided by a lively little dog, which, like the sentry of Pompeii, perished at his post while carrying out his duty of watch and ward. The artist's picture gives a lively idea of certain aspects of the fauna of that far-off day, but it is a concentration of notables rather than a truly representative assemblage. In it no attempt has been made to show any lesser inhabitants of the sea and the shells and star-fish that could rightly have been included on the beach. The following animals are represented in this reconstructed scene and are given in the order of their appearance in the geological record. *Scelidosaurus harrisi* (1) is an armoured dinosaur, found in the Lower Lias, Lyme Regis. From the same source comes *Plesiosaurus dolichodeirus* (4), a swimming reptile and the first plesiosaur ever to be discovered. Another plesiosaur, *Macroplata tenuiceps* (4a), is known from the Lower Lias of Harbury, Warwickshire. Various ichthyosaurs, all of Lower or Middle Jurassic age, are shown—*Ichthyosaurus* (8) and *Ophthalmosaurus* (9). The first ichthyosaur ever found came from Lyme Regis. *Dimorphodon*



macronyx (7), the oldest British pterodactyl, from the Lower Lias, Lyme Regis. *Amphilestes* (12), a primitive mammal, about the size of a kitten, from the Stonesfield Slate, Oxfordshire. *Stegosaurus* (3), an armoured dinosaur, 20 ft. long, with a double row of bony plates along its back. It was found in the Oxford Clay at Peterborough, as were the bipedal, carnivorous dinosaur, *Megalosaurus* (2) and the marine long-nosed crocodile, *Sphenosaurus* (6), this last being shown catching a fish. The most recent forms shown are all of Upper Jurassic age: *Rhamphorhynchus* (5), a long and stiff-tailed flying reptile, shown in the air and on the ground, from Weymouth, and *Plesiochelys* (10), a turtle also from the Kimmeridgian beds of Weymouth and of Bavaria. *Archaeopteryx* (11), the oldest known bird, does not occur in England, and the only known specimens come from Kimmeridgian beds in Bavaria. The original skeleton is, however, in the Natural History Museum in South Kensington. DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE HELP AND ADVICE OF DR. W. E. SWINTON.

THE JURASSIC SEASHORE—A BRITISH COAST OF 170 MILLION YEARS AGO:

ITS FANTASTIC DENIZENS AND THE DORSET WOMAN WHO FIRST BROUGHT THEIR REMAINS TO LIGHT.

By DR. W. E. SWINTON.

THE lively picture that Mr. Neave Parker has drawn in this issue on pages 178-179 gives a splendid idea of certain aspects of the fauna of the past, but it is a concentration of notables rather than a truly representative assemblage. In it no attempt has been made to show many lesser inhabitants of the sea, and the shells and star-fish that could rightly have been included on the beach.

But a part of its purpose, in addition to the intrinsic interest of the animals themselves, is to draw attention to the British aspects of the whole. The animals

other specimens had already been found in Germany.

The reconstruction of Jurassic shore life may thus be appropriately centred on the Southern England of long ago, a time that may be suggested as around 170,000,000 years ago.

The map of England drawn at the beginning of this Jurassic period is greatly different from what we can observe to-day. More precisely, the period known as the Lias—a peculiar name that is a quarryman's corruption of the word layers—is represented by alternating deposits of bluish clay and grey clayey limestone. Beds of this kind and age stretch right across England from Lyme Regis to Whitby. The Dorset and Yorkshire coasts show fine sections of them and they are also revealed in quarries in Leicestershire, Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, and can be seen in many railway cuttings. These materials were formed in comparatively narrow channels between a land mass on the west, whose eastern border covered most of Wales and Devon and Cornwall, and another land mass to the east, whose western promontory extended over what is now the eastern counties and the London basin. To the north there was a large, irregular island that included in its mass most of the north and east of modern Scotland and the Pennine ridge of England.

During later stages of the Jurassic era, down to 140,000,000 years ago, these lands consolidated, leaving only a bay to the south, stretching from Exeter to Dover and reaching inland to about Leicester. This was the sea-front of so-called Portlandian times.

The outwash deposits from the streams of these lands, mixed with the detritus won by the sea in its ceaseless struggle with the coast, gave the materials that were to lie on the floor of the shoreward seas. Here the bones of mammals overwhelmed by sudden flood, the remains of a too venturesome dinosaur, the dead ichthyosaur and plesiosaur, and the pterodactyl that had "crashed," were accumulated. Increasing sediments covered up and preserved the remains and,



THE FIRST DISCOVERER OF THE ICHTHYOSAURS AND PLESIOSAURS: MISS MARY ANNING, OF LYME REGIS, AND HER DOG TRAY, WHO ACTED AS A "MARKER" FOR FOSSILS AND WHO DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY, CRUSHED BY A FALL OF ROCK. FROM A POSTHUMOUS PORTRAIT NOW IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

(Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.)

as the centuries went by, the deposits hardened into rocks and their once living contents became fossils.

Geological history tells us that little remains unaltered: the hills certainly do not last for aye. The waters retreated—or the lands rose—and to-day the ancient sea has renewed its battle with the rocks it helped to make. In doing so the fossils are disclosed.

It was in 1811 that a small and ungainly child, this Mary Anning, found that a living could be made from the geological "flotsam," for in that year she found the first associated skeleton of an ichthyosaur and, having had it dug out for her, sold it to the Lord of the Manor for £23. In 1823 she found the skeleton of a plesiosaur and disposed of it to the Duke of Buckingham for 150 guineas. She discovered many



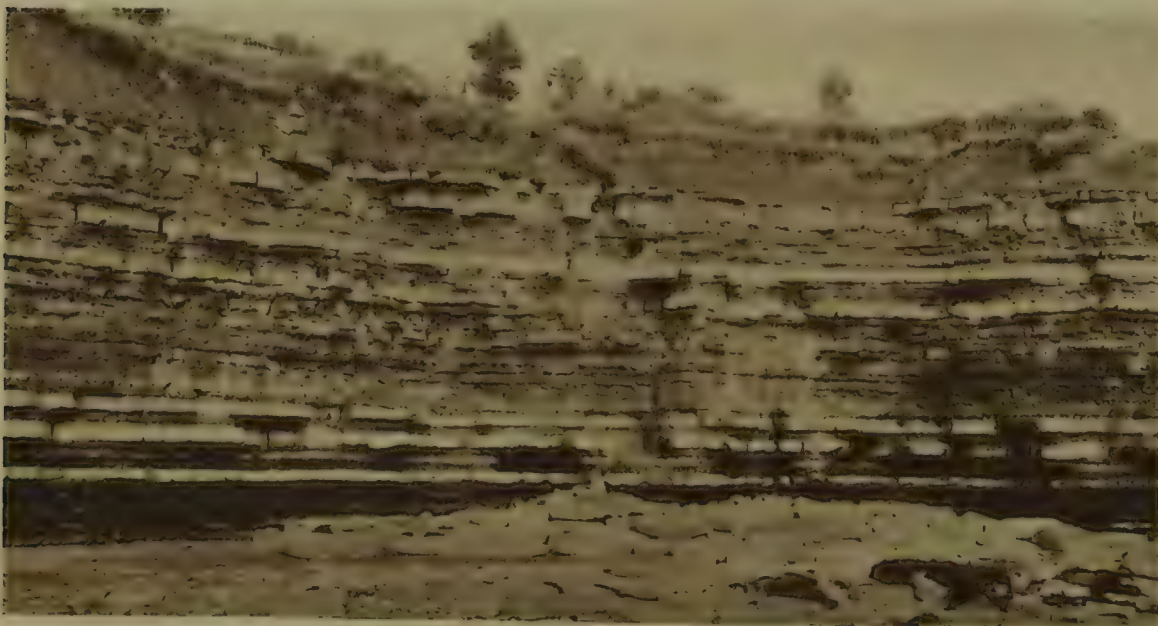
A SKETCH MAP OF ENGLAND IN LIASSIC TIMES, WHEN THE LIAS IN WHICH THE REMAINS OF THE GREAT REPTILES ARE FOUND WAS BEING LAID DOWN. THE LAND AREAS ARE SHOWN SHADED, THE SEA AREAS UNSHADED.

shown are the highest representatives of their time. Dinosaurs and the first mammals are on the land; ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs are in the water or just emerging on the shore; pterodactyls fly in the air. All of these terms are household words to-day; all of these animals have been found in good preservation in almost every continent, yet the earliest known example of each, except the pterodactyl, was discovered in England. The first known discovery of any dinosaurian remain was at Cuckfield, in Sussex. The first ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs ever to be collected were found by a girl, Mary Anning, at Lyme Regis. She also discovered the first British pterodactyl, though



DISCOVERED BY MARY ANNING IN 1823 AND SOLD BY HER TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM FOR 150 GUINEAS: THE FOSSILISED SKELETON OF PLESIOSAURUS DOLICHODEIRUS (A MARINE REPTILE), NOW IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

(Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.)



TYPICAL OF THE FORMATIONS IN WHICH THE JURASSIC FOSSILS ARE FOUND: LOWER LIAS ROCKS ON THE BEACH AT CHURCH CLIFFS, LYME REGIS, DORSET. (A Geological Survey photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.)

other specimens too, fossil fishes and the coiled cephalopod shells known as ammonites, as well as many saurian remains, and all found a ready market with the divines and doctors who were her clients as Lyme Regis became a watering place of fashion as well as a geologist's hunting-ground.

Mary was assiduous at her work and at one time was helped by her little dog Tray, whom she used as a marker, to sit on a fossil while she went for men or implements to help excavate it. While doing this humble duty one day Tray was killed by a fall of cliff. Mary Anning's recorded opinions of many of her distinguished clients are far from flattering. On the other hand, Dr. Gideon Mantell who visited her "dirty little shop" in 1832, notes her as being "a prim, pedantic, vinegar-looking, thin female, shrewd, and rather satirical in her conversation." Mary was then thirty-three years of age and might have been afflicted with the cancer that carried her off in 1847. To-day many specimens in many collections all over the world record her labours and the Geological Society of London has erected a stained-glass window to her memory in Lyme Parish Church. Certainly it is largely through her work and the studies made since on many of her actual specimens that enable such pictures as that here reproduced, to be prepared, and which can show, with a high degree of accuracy, the characters of a seashore of millions of years ago.



AN IMPRESSIVE NAVAL OCCASION: THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON BOARD H.M.S. CENTAUR, LAST CARRIER TO JOIN THE FLEET, OFF PORTSMOUTH, FOR THE SERVICE OF DEDICATION ON JULY 21.

It would be difficult to imagine a more moving and impressive naval ceremony than the Service of Dedication on board H.M.S. *Centaur*, off Portsmouth, held on July 21. It was attended by the Duchess of Kent, who had launched the great ship on April 22, 1947. Her Royal Highness is seen in the centre of our photograph, just behind the Chaplain of the Fleet, the Venerable Archdeacon F. N. Chamberlain, who conducted the service; with the commander of *Centaur*, Captain

H. P. Sears, R.N., beside her. *Centaur*, an aircraft carrier of the *Hermes* class, is the last carrier to join the Fleet. She was laid down on May 30, 1944, and completed in 1953; and after she had left Belfast and arrived at Portsmouth, the angled deck, an important post-war development in aircraft-carrier design, was fitted. She is now preparing for service in the Mediterranean. *Centaur* carries 45 aircraft and her war complement is 1400. Her length overall is 737 ft.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE CONSPICUOUS COTONEASTER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

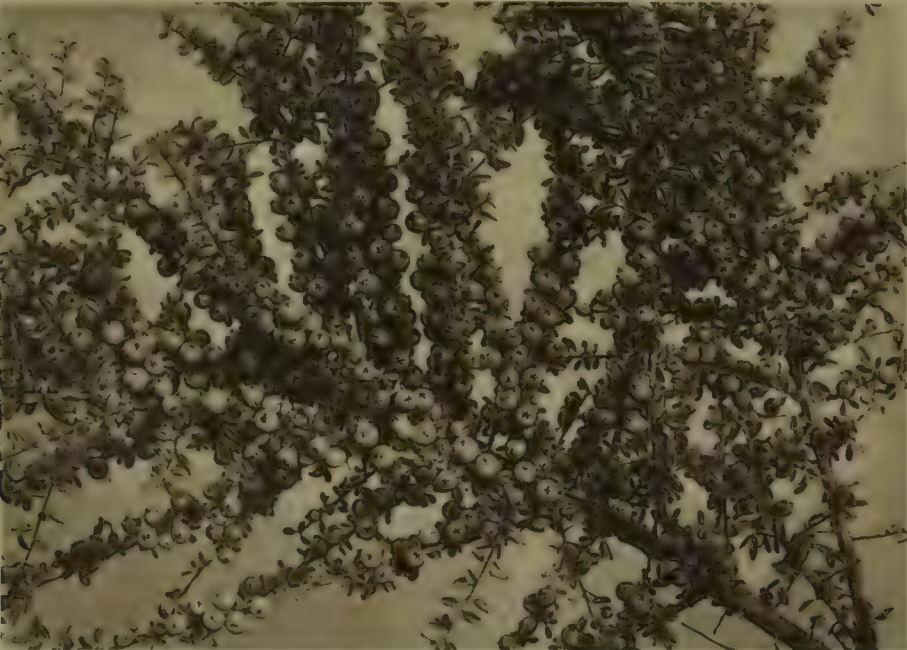
ALTHOUGH it is nearly thirty years since Kingdon Ward introduced *Cotoneaster conspicua* from South-East Tibet (it was 1925), and although it is an absolutely first-rate shrub, hardy, easy to grow, easy to propagate, attractive in flower, and brilliant in berry, it still remains relatively rare in English gardens, and little known to the average gardener. At first sight this may seem astonishing. It might be expected that a shrub with so many virtues would by now be seen in countless gardens all over the country. But that is not how plants of real solid worth and essential beauty arrive at general and widespread recognition. The process is usually slow but steady. *Cotoneaster horizontalis* is an outstandingly fine shrub, and is now widely grown and almost universally admired. But since when? The date of its introduction from China is given as 1889. But only comparatively recently has it become accepted, an "arrived" shrub.

One of the main factors against even the finest newly-introduced plants gaining the popularity that they deserve—and usually achieve in the end—is the great volume of other wonderfully good plants that collectors have sent home during the past half-century

to a height of very nearly 6 ft. *C. horizontalis* has flowered and berried regularly and profusely each year. The foundling flowered pretty well last year and produced a few scarlet berries, but not enough to make any sort of a show. This year it flowered magnificently; so well, in fact, that I had it photographed. It has set a fair cup of berries, but they do not look as though they will make a real show this winter. Meanwhile I have discovered the name of this foundling—*Cotoneaster conspicua*. It is well worth growing as a flowering shrub. It blossomed a week or so later than its neighbour, *C. horizontalis*, and its sprays of white-petalled flowers were most attractive. If only it will fruit as freely as it flowers it will be a treasure indeed. But as I say, it is well worth wall space or garden room for its flowering alone.

There are two forms of *Cotoneaster conspicua*: this tall-growing one which was left here by the absent-minded friend, and a dwarfier, semi-prostrate variety, which has been named *C. conspicua ornata*. I first saw *C. c. ornata* in the garden at Exbury,

plant is not fussy as to soil, for it grows and fruits equally well in two very different types of garden—the acid, rhododendron soil at Exbury, and the almost pure chalk of Colonel F. C. Stern's Sussex garden. There has been a certain amount of confusion about these two very distinct forms of *Cotoneaster conspicua*, which was clearly explained by Colonel Stern in a recent note in *Gardening Illustrated*. The erect form was said to have been raised from Kingdon Ward's collected seed, distributed under the number K.W.6400. When shown by Lieut.-Colonel Messel, of Nymans, at the Royal Horticultural Society, on October 10, 1953, it received an Award of Merit.



LADEN WITH BRILLIANT SCARLET BERRIES: A BRANCH TAKEN FROM A MATURE SPECIMEN OF *COTONEASTER CONSPICUA*, VAR. "DECORA"—THE ERECT FORM OF THIS MAGNIFICENT SHRUB, FIRST INTRODUCED FROM SOUTH-EAST TIBET IN 1925.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

or more. Yet even if these grand new species were at once brought prominently to the notice of the mass of the gardening public, there would still remain the dual obstacle of limited garden space and limited spending capacity. And then, in addition to the new wild species that are introduced, there are all the new hybrids and garden varieties that plant breeders are for ever producing.

It is, however, fairly safe to predict that, slow starters though *Cotoneaster conspicua* and its variety, *C. c. ornata*, have been so far, they will assuredly take their places among the choicest, best loved, and most popular of all hardy shrubs for English gardens. I first acquired *Cotoneaster conspicua* in a curiously fortuitous way. Four or five years ago a garden friend paid us a one-day-one-night visit. After he had left, a rather more than usually rich and varied collection of the traditional left-behinds was discovered in his bedroom. All were collected and posted on—one bedroom slipper, hair tonic, half a pyjama, a Penguin thriller, etc., etc., etc. But later a small shrub was discovered in a bottom drawer, obviously a *Cotoneaster*, species unknown, its roots nicely packed in moss. This was heeled in in the garden, and a postcard was sent, asking what about it. Back came a reply postcard saying "Keep it," just like that. No mention of what species it was. So this foundling was planted close to a *Cotoneaster horizontalis*, on the east wall of my house. These two have now pushed up the wall

and at once acquired three young specimens. The Exbury plant was a forest, several yards across, of low-spreading branches, nowhere rising to a height of more than about 3 ft. Every branch and every twig was densely clothed with a mass of brilliant red berries, packed as close as they could go. On a morning of mellow winter sunshine the bed glowed superbly.

The three specimens in my own garden have not yet taken hold and developed sufficiently to make anything of a show, but in another year or so there should be a well-worthwhile display. Apparently the



THE ERECT FORM OF *COTONEASTER CONSPICUA* GROWING AGAINST A WALL IN MR. ELLIOTT'S GARDEN AND IN FULL FLOWER. THIS IS A YOUNG PLANT, AND IT HAS NOT YET PRODUCED A FULL CROP OF BERRIES. [Photograph by J. R. Jameson.]

All the plants raised at Exbury by Mr. L. de Rothschild, and by Colonel F. C. Stern at High Down, from Kingdon Ward's seed, No. 6400, were the prostrate form.

Mr. de Rothschild sent seeds of his plant to friends in U.S.A. All these seeds produced the prostrate form. The erect form having been named *Cotoneaster conspicua*, it was necessary to give a distinct varietal name to the prostrate form, and this was done by Mr. Paul Russell, and the name *Cotoneaster conspicua var. ornata* was duly registered and published. I trust that

Colonel Stern will not mind my having lifted and paraphrased freely from his published explanatory note on this mix-up which seems to have caused some confusion during recent years. Colonel Stern says that the original plant of *Cotoneaster conspicua decora*, raised by him, twenty years ago, in his Sussex garden, is about 13 ft. long, 11 ft. broad, and 3 to 4 ft. in the highest part. In conclusion he describes the plant as "one of the most beautiful hardy Cotoneasters, both in flower and in berry. In my experience it comes true from seed. The birds usually do not touch the berries; in the frost of this year (1954) they have taken some, yet there are any number of bright red berries still on these shrubs on February 21st."

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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WALKING OVER THE LILY-PADS TO THE FLOATING NEST IN WHICH THE FOUR GOLDEN-BRONZE EGGS ARE RESTING, PART-SUBMERGED: THE PHEASANT-TAILED JACANA, A COCK BIRD IN BRILLIANT SUMMER PLUMAGE, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE VALE OF KASHMIR AT 5000-FT. ALTITUDE.



THE PHEASANT-TAILED JACANA, WHOSE EXTREMELY LONG TOES ENABLE IT TO WALK OVER A FLOOR OF WATER LILY LEAVES, WITH ITS NEST FLOATING OVER DEEP WATER.

A VISION OF FORMAL ELEGANCE: THE JACANA THAT WALKS ON THE WATERS OF KASHMIR, AND ITS FLOATING NEST.

These two remarkable and beautiful photographs were taken by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, in the Vale of Kashmir at an altitude of about 5000 ft. They show the pheasant-tailed jacana (*Hydrophasianus chirurgus*) beside its floating nest. It is a very shy bird, Mr. Loke reports, and it was three seasons before he succeeded in photographing it. This species of jacana is found from Baluchistan eastwards through India, Ceylon, Burma to South China, Java and the Philippines, but its especial home is the Himalayas. The cock bird alone incubates, and it is believed that the hen (which is somewhat larger) lays several clutches to several mates, who each incubates its own clutch. The eggs are four in number, "peg-top" shaped, and are laid

point inwards. The nest floats low in the water and the eggs lie partly in the water. It is thought that the warmth of the water and of the decaying vegetation of the nest materially assists the process of incubation. The colouring of the cock in its summer plumage, when the long tail feathers appear, is very striking. The head and front of the neck are white, with a black patch on top and black lines enclosing a pale shining golden "cape." The body is chocolate-brown, the upper part being glossy, while the tail and the patch above it are blackish. The light markings on the wings are white. The legs are a pale lead colour, the bill bluish. The bird's call has been described as a mewling sound, rather like that of an angry cat.

CELEBRATING THEIR JUBILEE THIS YEAR: THE R.H.S. GARDENS AT

WISLEY, WHICH THE QUEEN-MOTHER ARRANGED TO VISIT THIS WEEK.



THE MAIN GRASS WALK THROUGH THE PINETUM, WHERE TREES INCLUDE THE BLUE CEDAR, THE REDWOOD, CANADIAN HEMLOCK, CYPRISSES, JUNIPERS AND SPRUCES.



ABOUT 100 YARDS LONG AND ABOUT 15 FT. WIDE EACH: A VIEW OF THE HERBACEOUS BORDERS, WHICH ARE SEPARATED BY A GRASS WALK, AND ENCLOSED BY YEW HEDGES.



(ABOVE) LOOKING TOWARDS THE LONG POND: THE ROCK GARDEN, WHICH LIES ON A SLOPE, HAS MANY TERRACES AND COOL, SHADED BAYS, VARYING IN ASPECT, SUITABLE CONDITIONS TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF MANY DIFFERENT PLANTS AND SPECIES.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE LONG POND: THE LONG POND, WHICH LIES ON A SLOPE, HAS MANY TERRACES AND COOL, SHADED BAYS, VARYING IN ASPECT, SUITABLE CONDITIONS TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF MANY DIFFERENT PLANTS AND SPECIES.

THIS year the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley, Surrey, celebrate their Jubilee: and to mark the anniversary Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother graciously arranged to open on July 28 the new hostel and restaurant which has been built there for the Society. The creation of the garden at Wisley began in the 1870's when a 60-acre estate (which now forms part of the present gardens) was bought by the late Mr. George F. Wilson, a former Treasurer of the R.H.S. He created the wild garden and established waterside plants by the margins of ponds he had constructed. As the centenary year (1904) of the Society approached, the Fellows decided that the acquisition of either a New Garden or a New Hall should mark the date: and voted for the latter. On the death of Mr. Wilson, Sir Thomas Hanbury purchased the estate at Wisley and in 1903 generously gave it on trust for the perpetual use of the Society: so the

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT) LOOKING ACROSS THE LONG POND, WHICH MARGINS ARE PLANTED WITH MANY MOISTURE-LOVING PLANTS, INCLUDING JAPANESE IRIS AND CANDIDABRA PRINCEA.



WITH KING FERN, JAPANESE IRIS, AND A WIDE VARIETY OF OTHER PLANTS GROWING AROUND ITS BORDERS: A VIEW OF THE LONG POND.



CONTAINING A REPRESENTATIVE COLLECTION OF HYBRID TEA, HYBRID PERPETUAL AND POLYANTHA ROSES IN BUSH FORM BACKED BY CLIMBING VARIETIES: THE ROSE BORDERS.



(LEFT) SHOWING THE WOODEN BRIDGE OVER WHICH A WISTARIA CLIMBS: A VIEW OF THE GARDENS BY THE LONG POND, FROM WHICH THE WATER FROM THE ROCK-GARDEN Pools FINDS ITS WAY.



OCCUPIED BY THE ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF, AND ADVISORY AND RESEARCH OFFICERS UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE DIRECTOR: THE LABORATORY, BUILT BETWEEN 1914 AND 1916.



DESIGNED IN 1914 BY MR. EDWARD WILSON, WITH SANDSTONE FROM TUNBRIDGE WELLS: THE ROCK GARDEN, SHOWING THE PATH WHICH CLIMBS UP THE CENTRE.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME time ago we had a pet squirrel. It was brought in from the woods, having attached itself to a visitor to these parts by crawling into her pocket and refusing to leave her. It was not then weaned, and for a week or more was fed with milk sweetened with sugar. It did little more than sleep curled up in its box, waking at intervals and screaming to be fed. After feeding, it would take a little exercise and, as time wore on, the periods of sleep grew shorter, the spells of activity longer. It took to nibbling solid foods, but without swallowing them, and finally it took solid food only. Shortly after this the tail, which had been increasing in size all the time, appeared suddenly, so it seemed, in all its glory, and squirrel was a baby no more. It was then placed in a large aviary in the garden.

I have been re-examining my notes in the light of Brownlee's conclusions regarding the play-instinct in animals, discussed on this page on June 19 last. The first comment is an apparently obvious one, that although you may have a young squirrel from long before it is weaned, separated from other squirrels so that it has no opportunity of learning from them or copying their ways, there is never any question that it is a squirrel. Just as the physical features, such as shape and outline of body, colour of hair and the rest, are inherited and conform to a pattern for the species, so, too, does its psychology.

It was noticeable from the first that a baby squirrel has comparatively few reactions. It requires food,

"PLAYFUL" SQUIRREL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

person it is clambering over is no more to the squirrel than another tree—complete with trunk and limbs. The pockets represent holes in the tree. The nibbling at the ear or hair is no more than the treatment it gives to any other object; the squirrel is merely learning to use its teeth and jaws, exploring its world. The jerkiness of its movements gives an air of

compounded, it is true, of a few very small signs.

Grey squirrels are very solitary animals. There is a certain amount of congregating in the breeding season. Towards the end of January, if the weather is not severe, a dozen or so may be seen within the space of perhaps an acre, aloof, slightly more skittish than usual, yet keeping their distance from each other. Through February and March this continues, with slightly more approach to each other, until the meetings culminate in games of follow-my-leader over the branches of a large tree, in what appear to be courtship



A SQUIRREL PLAYING WITH A NUT AND PATTING IT AS ONE MIGHT A BALL: A PLAY-ACTION APPARENTLY RARELY SEEN. Squirrels have a general air of playfulness, due largely to their rapid movements, which makes it difficult to determine how far they are capable of true play, within the definition of the present-day animal pathologist. It does seem, however, that at least three actions can be so described, which are due to a distinct play-instinct, and can have little or no relation to the serious activities of life.

Drawings by Jane Burton.

vivacity which is delusory, and the large, unblinking eyes, prominent in the sides of the head to command a view in every direction, are fixed and immobile, and altogether expressionless. In brief, and putting the case perhaps crudely, a young squirrel up to a certain age is little better than an animated machine, with a comparatively limited repertoire of reflexes suited to its limited needs.

With the full acquisition of the bushy tail the other physical qualities seem to undergo a radical, if subtle, change; and with it the animal appears to expand emotionally. It will clamber over those it knows in much the same way as before, but now it is inclined to move away from strangers. It still seems to regard its human friends as benevolent, if stunted, trees, but with a difference. Now it bites the ear or the finger hard without drawing blood, going through the motions

assemblies. Certainly, when the game breaks up the individuals depart in pairs. At the best, under ordinary circumstances, there is only the most meagre sign of gregariousness. So we may say that companionship, or bonds of affection, seen in less solitary mammals, must be relatively foreign to the nature of a grey squirrel. Even so, as a hand-reared squirrel will show, they are not entirely absent. Against this background, any manifestation of play, other than that shown in the courtship assemblies and the false air of playfulness due to the animal's jerky movements, acquires a greater significance.

It may be that the propensity for the kind of play about to be described varies very much with the individual, that it can be more common than I found it. In my experience, however, it seems to be comparatively infrequent. It takes the form of rapid jumping from side to side, or darting forward and backward within a limited distance, of biting without injury, of turning somersaults, and of a queer twisting of the tail. In the somersaults, the squirrel appears to put its head between its forelegs and to tumble over with a sideways twist. That these actions are the outcome of a play-instinct seems certain, since the squirrel will indulge in them only when it is in the mood, and if it is not in the mood, no amount of stroking, tickling the ears, or any other of the actions successful in inducing play in most mammals, will stimulate it. In addition, the somersaults and the kinks in the tail seem to have no relation to serious activities of life.

Taking everything into consideration, there is reasonable justification, then, for regarding the emotional behaviour of the grey squirrel as set at a low level, and that such play as we can see justifies Brownlee's hypothesis that play is a separate instinct. Certainly it is due to an inner impulse or drive, although it is not clear what its releasers may be. Further, there is no clear linkage in every feature of it with the more serious activities in the animal's life.

It is an anomaly that in an animal so apparently playful we should see the real play stand out so distinctly.

THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

ARISING out of a page of illustrations of Brighton Aquarium To-day and 80 Years Ago which appeared in our issue of July 17, the representatives of Aquarium Entertainments Ltd., the present lessees of the Brighton Aquarium from the Brighton Corporation, have written to us as follows:

"A number of the statements made are not true. In particular, anyone reading the statements made to the effect that there are only 30 tanks out of the original 42 remaining would get the impression that there were only 30 tanks in all in the Aquarium, whereas there are, in fact, 84. Of these, 10, and not 6 as stated by you, are large sea-water tanks. We are also instructed that the statement made about Brighton Technical College, etc., putting pressure on the local authorities to reclaim the building, is inaccurate. Our client company has, we are instructed, vastly improved the Aquarium since they took it from the Corporation and hope to make still further improvements, particularly in connection with study facilities. We are also able to state that under the present Curator, Mr. A. H. Burton, F.Z.S., a number of rare specimens have been bred in the Aquarium."

We regret that any statements of ours should have given a misleading impression of the present state of Brighton Aquarium; and we are pleased to learn and to make public the fact that improvements are being made and planned, especially with regard to study facilities.—THE EDITOR.



ANOTHER PLAY ACTION, MORE ESPECIALLY IN YOUNG SQUIRRELS, IS SOMERSAULTING. THE HEAD IS BROUGHT TO ONE SIDE, UNDER AND BEHIND ONE OF THE FORELEGS; AND THIS IS FOLLOWED BY A LIGHTNING SOMERSAULT.

and it is vociferous in calling for it. It requires sleep, and readily returns to the adopted nesting-site to coil itself into a ball. Apart from these things its reflexes are all those essential to a dweller in or on trees. Awkward and ungainly when moving over a level surface on all fours, it is adept at climbing. All its movements are jerky, linked, we may suppose, with the need for setting the needle-sharp claws into the slightest roughness of the surface. Progression is, in effect, by jerky bounds, with all four paws laying hold at each bound. Two characteristic reflexes are noticeable. If, on a flat surface, such as a table, the hindquarters should suddenly overhang the edge, there is an immediate reflex in the forequarters, which are thrown forward to bring the rest of the body on to solid ground. If the forequarters should hang over space there is a similar lightning reflex in the hindquarters. Another noticeable reflex is in the tail, which can be rapidly pressed against a solid surface with a grip best appreciated when the tail is pressed against one's hand. There can be little doubt that the hairiness of the tail helps enormously here, for it is not so much a brush as a feather, in which the numerous hairs exert a clinging action assisting the grip of the muscles of the tail itself.

This catalogue more or less completes the salient features of its personality, for in spite of its lively appearance, there is something very impersonal and seemingly stupid about a baby squirrel. It will clamber on to its owner, or on to anyone else standing near. It will run up the arm, around the shoulders, scramble down and into the pocket, or climb up inside one's jacket, bite one's ear or hair and give every appearance of being playful and affectionate. But if watched closely it is soon evident that the particular

of an aggressive action without inflicting injury, one of the hallmarks of play. Above all, it indulges in a low chattering or murmuring, so low that it cannot be heard except when the animal is alongside one's ear. It has the sound of a contentment, like the purring of a cat and, like that more familiar sound, it appears to come from inside the body. Compared with the machine-like personality when a baby, there is an air of greater friendliness, almost of affection,



A PARTICULAR FLICK OF THE TAIL, SHOWN HERE, IS A FEATURE OF THE PLAY OF A SQUIRREL, WHICH COMPARES WITH SIMILAR UNUSUAL TAIL ACTIONS IN DOGS, CATS, CALVES AND OTHERS.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS
OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TO BE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN SOUTH AFRICA: SIR PERCIVAL LIESCHING.
Sir Percival Liesching, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Commonwealth Relations Office, has been appointed High Commissioner for Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland in succession to Sir John Le Rougetel and High Commissioner in the Union of South Africa.



APPOINTED TO THE COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS OFFICE: SIR GILBERT LAITHWAITE.
At present High Commissioner in Pakistan, Sir Gilbert Laithwaite has been appointed to succeed Sir Percival Liesching as Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Commonwealth Relations Office. Sir Gilbert was appointed to the India Office in 1919.



MISSING FROM WEST GERMANY: DR OTTO JOHN.
Dr. Otto John, West Germany's Security Chief, disappeared mysteriously from Berlin on July 20. On July 23 a statement on Dr. John was broadcast by the Soviet Zone radio, and his voice was heard and recognised. According to this statement, Dr. John left as a demonstration in favour of German unity and as a protest against the Federal Government's policy.



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IN HOLLAND: M. RENÉ COTY (LEFT) AND PRINCE BERNHARD, WITH QUEEN JULIANA (LEFT) AND MME. COTY.
The French President and Mme. Coty arrived in Amsterdam on July 21 for a three-day State visit in return for that paid by Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard to Paris in 1950.



WITH HIS FAMILY: LT.-CDR. MARTEN, WHOSE INSISTENCE BROUGHT ABOUT THE CRICHEL DOWN INQUIRY.
Lieut.-Commander and the Hon. Mrs. Marten (shown with their children), former owners of part of Criche Down, have stated that they cannot consider buying it back, as they now may, with the obligation to spend £35,000 in equipment. Lieut.-Commander Marten's insistence resulted in the Inquiry and Debate.



RESIGNED ON ACCOUNT OF CRICHEL DOWN: SIR THOMAS DUGDALE.
At the end of his speech in the House on July 20 on the Criche Down case, and his explanation of measures to be taken to prevent a recurrence, Sir Thomas Dugdale, Minister of Agriculture, announced his resignation. Sir Winston Churchill has referred to his "chivalrous sacrifice" of his office.



DIED ON JULY 20: LORD KINDERSLEY.
Lord Kindersley, who was eighty-two, a Governor of the Bank of England and chairman of Lazard Bros. and Co. Ltd., will be best remembered for his untiring work as President of the National Savings Committee, 1920-46. Between November 1939 and May 1945, under his direction, the public of this country were persuaded to save £9,000,000,000.



DIED ON JULY 25: SIR HERBERT WILLIAMS, M.P. FOR EAST CROYDON.
Sir Herbert Williams, Bart., M.P. for East Croydon since 1950, was sixty-nine. Although an active and independent fighter for Conservatism, he only held office once, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, 1928-29, during his long Parliamentary career.



DIED ON JULY 18: MR. THOMAS TAIT, THE ARCHITECT.
Mr. Thomas Tait, the eminent architect, was seventy-two. Foremost among the many buildings he designed were the Empire Exhibition, Glasgow, 1938; Adelaide House, London Bridge; Unilever House, Blackfriars; the *Daily Telegraph* building Fleet Street, and St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh.

IN CAIRO FOR TALKS: MR. ANTONY HEAD.
Mr. Antony Head, War Minister, who arrived in Cairo by air on July 25 for talks with the Egyptian Government on the Suez Canal Zone base, was accompanied by Mr. Evelyn Shuckburgh, an Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, and Brigadier G. H. Baker. Mr. Head was met by Sir Ralph Stevenson, British Ambassador to Egypt.



WITH MARSHAL TITO DURING HIS STATE VISIT TO YUGOSLAVIA: THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA (LEFT).
The Emperor Haile Selassie was given an enthusiastic welcome when he arrived in Belgrade on July 20 on a week's State visit. The Emperor's party, which included his son, Prince Sahle Selassie, was met by Marshal Tito.



THE MARRIAGE OF LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON, AND MR. J. ADRIAN BAILEY ON JULY 21: THE WEDDING GROUP, TAKEN AT THE RECEPTION, WHICH WAS HONOURED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET.
The marriage of Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Haddington, and Mr. J. Adrian Bailey, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham Bailey, was solemnised at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride was a Maid of Honour to the Queen at her Coronation; and her Majesty the Queen, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret honoured the reception, which was held at Hutchinson House, with their presence. Our group shows (l. to r.; seated on chairs) Mrs. R. Graham Bailey, Princess Margaret, the Queen, the Queen Mother and the Countess of Haddington; and (standing; l. to r.) Mr. R. Graham Bailey, the bridegroom, the bride, the best man, Mr. David Bailey, and the Earl of Haddington. The child attendants are (l. to r.; seated on floor) Davina Chetwode, Michael Warrender; (behind him, standing) Peter Howard-Johnson; (l. to r.; seated on floor) Sarah Chetwode, Emma Chetwode, Christopher Clark and Linda Bailey; and (behind her, standing) Struan Wilson.

FROM TANGANYIKA TO CHIPPING CAMPDEN: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS.



GENERAL GRUENTHER TAKING THE SALUTE AT A SERVICE COMMEMORATING THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NORMANDY LANDINGS, AT THE SLAPTON SANDS MEMORIAL. At Slapton Sands, Devon, beside the memorial to those who evacuated this district to make an invasion training ground in 1944, General Gruenther took the salute at a service and recalled a well-kept secret—the attack by a German submarine which broke through the Channel defences during an invasion training exercise off Slapton in April 1944, when three large vessels were sunk and some hundreds of fatal casualties occurred among amphibious troops.



CHIPPING CAMPDEN—THIS YEAR'S "BEST KEPT VILLAGE" IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND THE WINNER OF THE BLEDISLOE CUP: A VIEW OF THE ALMSHOUSES AND CHURCH. Thirty-three Gloucestershire villages competed this year for the Bledisloe Cup for the best-kept village—a contest which has been held for several years—and the cup was won by Chipping Campden, with Eastleach second. The judging is carried out by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England.



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL AFTER FIFTY YEARS' WORK, SHOWING WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE FIRST BAY OF THE NAVE. The fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone of Liverpool Anglican Cathedral was celebrated on July 18. Addressing a congregation of 1800, the Archbishop of York said: "In an age of change, this cathedral . . . bears witness to the permanence of the Christian faith." A processional cross was presented.



A COMMUNITY DINNER IN THE OPEN AIR: PART OF THE SEVENTH CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS AT ALKMAAR. Alkmaar, which is one of Holland's principal markets for cheese and butter, has been recently celebrating the seventh centenary of its charter as a city. We show a pleasant aspect of the ceremonies, a community dinner held in the shadow of the sixteenth-century Weigh-House, with its carillon and moving figures.



TO BE REBUILT AS A CENTRAL CHURCH ARCHIVE: "QUEEN ANNE'S FOOTSTOOL," ST. JOHN'S, SMITH SQUARE. One of London's strangest churches, St. John's, Smith Square, Westminster, with a turret at each of its four corners, and known as "Queen Anne's Footstool," was burnt out in a raid in 1940. It is to be rebuilt as a central archive for the Diocese of London, the exterior being unchanged.



AT THE OPENING OF TANGANYIKA'S FIRST DEEP-WATER PORT: SIR EDWARD TWINING, GOVERNOR OF TANGANYIKA, SPEAKING AT THE CEREMONY AT MTWARA. On July 17 Sir Edward Twining, Governor of Tanganyika, opened Tanganyika's first deep-water port at Mtwara, in the Southern Province. This port and the railway connecting it with Mkwaya, were originally begun as part of the ill-fated groundnut scheme; and have been continued as a part of the general project

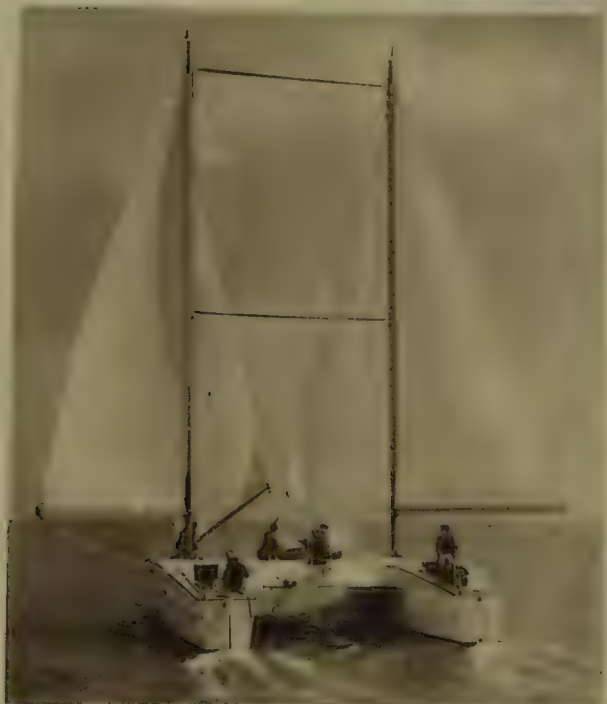


CROWDS AT MTWARA WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST TRAIN FROM THE NEW DEEP-WATER PORT FOR MKWAYA AND THE HINTERLAND OF THE SOUTHERN PROVINCE. of developing and opening up the southern part of Tanganyika. The British Government, with this in view, has agreed, subject to the approval of Parliament, to forgo repayment of about £3,700,000 capital and interest in order to reduce the capital investment to a figure estimated at £2,500,000.

THE CHINESE ATTACK ON A BRITISH AIRCRAFT, AND OTHER EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

FLOODS IN THE CAPE TOWN AREA: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF FARMLAND WHICH WERE UNDER WATER.

Hundreds of people were made homeless by July 22 in the Cape Town area after 8 ins. of rain had fallen in three days, causing widespread flooding. Low-lying areas of Cape Peninsula, known as the Cape Flats, were transformed into vast lakes.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST CATAMARAN BUILT WITH TWIN MASTS AS WELL AS TWIN HULLS: *EB AND FLO*. *Eb and Flo*, built by Mr. John Tothill, carried out full-scale trials at Spithead on July 21; and was due this week to take part in the Fastest Boat Trials organised by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Clubs and the Cowes Corinthian Yacht Clubs.



WINNER OF DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE: MR. K. C. EVEREST (HORNCHURCH) BEING CONGRATULATED BY A FORMER WINNER, MR. JACK PHELPS. K. C. Everest (Hornchurch) and D. A. Dempsey (Poplar) were the only two competitors for Doggett's Coat and Badge (4½ miles), the oldest annual race in our sporting calendar. The time of the winner was 31 mins. 48 secs.



THE LATEST JET-PROPELLED PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT OF THE R.A.F.: A *CANBERRA P.R.7*. This *Canberra P.R.7* aircraft of No. 542 Squadron, R.A.F. Bomber Command, flown by Flight Lieut. A. J. A. Heyns, has just completed intensive flying trials. It completed 300 flying hours in 25 days and travelled some 156,000 miles—equivalent to more than half-way to the moon.



THE SHOOTING DOWN BY COMMUNIST CHINESE FIGHTER AIRCRAFT OF THE BRITISH CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS *SKYMASTER* OFF HAINAN ISLAND: A UNITED STATES RESCUE AIRCRAFT APPROACHING SURVIVORS IN THEIR RUBBER DINGHY (RIGHT) (Radio Photograph)

On July 23 a British Cathay Pacific Airways *Skymaster*, flying northwards from Singapore to Hong Kong on its normal route, was shot down by Communist Chinese fighters off Hainan Island. The *Skymaster* was carrying eighteen people, of whom nine are missing, feared dead. Nine were rescued by American

aircraft, and one of these died later. The attack was made without warning. Captain Blown, the pilot, warmly praised the rescuers, especially the pilot of one of the amphibians. The Chinese authorities have tendered an apology, stating the attack was made in error; and offered to consider payment of compensation.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PLAIN AND TERRACE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"TROY, like a beaten drum, muffled by age and night . . ." It is one of the mighty place-names of the world. I met it again the other day in a familiar passage: "On the mouldering citadel of Troy lies the lizard like a thing of green bronze. The owl has built her nest in the palace of Priam. Over the empty plain wander shepherd and goatherd with their flocks, and where, on the wine-coloured, oily sea . . . copper-prowed and streaked with vermilion, the great galleys of the Danaoi came in their gleaming crescent, the lonely tunny-fisher sits in his little boat and watches the bobbing corks of his net."

Troy calls for the purple passages. To-day it lives in them, some royal, some less royal. It is strange that I should be writing this week about the revival of a play by Wilde (who celebrated Troy in that quotation), and another by Shakespeare in which the heroes of the Trojan War are fiercely satirised, and the great themes of love and honour tail off into the mocking cry of Thersites: "Lechery, still wars and lechery! Nothing else holds fashion!"

Take Stratford-upon-Avon's "Troilus and Cressida" first. The satire, so rarely done, has appeared at the Memorial Theatre twice within six years. When I think again of the present revival—this is not the full-hearted praise I could wish—its setting may be the cause. Here is Troy as one likes to imagine it. Here are its tawny walls. Beyond them is the vast plain, the "flowering meadows" where, we know, Scamander (joined by Simois) flows to the sea. We look across the tented bravery of the Greeks to the longship prow far off. At night the stars blaze down on the Greek fires. It is at once a simple and a spacious setting that would make the right stage for the contention of Greek and Troy, not Shakespeare's cynical view of it, but the great battle-pieces of the Iliad.

In this setting, designed by Malcolm Pride, Glen Byam Shaw has done, I think, as much as any producer can to clarify the play, to quicken its action, to establish us, indeed, upon the Phrygian plain and beneath Ilium's towers. And one or two speakers help us: Leo McKern, by letting us hear the ice tinkling behind the cold, lucid wisdom of Ulysses; William Devlin by allowing no syllable of Agamemnon to escape him (his speaking throughout the Festival has been a pattern); and Keith Michell for his forthright idea of that sulky, vindictive hulk, Achilles, with the "crest that prouder than blue Iris bends."

Good; but I find less good the way in which so many other speakers harry the verse. Although this is a cynical comedy of disillusion, turning waspish mirth upon Achilles and Ajax and most high and chivalrous designs, its verse is charged with beauty: Troilus's "Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl"; "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back," and the long speeches of Ulysses; Troilus again, with the miraculous "Scants us with a single famish'd kiss, distasted with the salt of broken tears": speech upon speech, phrase after phrase. Too little of it comes to us at Stratford, either because the players are not noticeably moved by the things they have to say, or because they work too fussily. (I really do not see why the "good old

chronicle," the "venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver," should be presented in a kind of second childhood.) Much of the speaking is as flat as the Trojan plain. It is fantastic that Laurence Harvey, given such a part as Troilus, does not let it ring, does not glory in the language, "heel the high lavolt."

I will mention only one more character, a speaker of prose. At Stratford during 1936, the late Randle Ayrton acted Pandarus, the go-between. He had an enviable gift of showing to us the complete man without obtrusive strain. There was no anxious chipping and moulding; a character would rise to life before us. In this way, and within a phrase or so, he created the deplorable Pandar. Anthony

Quayle, whose ability as an actor we do not doubt, and whose Hector was one of the best things in the "Troilus" of 1948, is now presenting Pandarus rather (I feel) as he fancies a character actor ought to present him. It is a portrait, in detail, of a monstrously affected, lisping old man, and it is the detail that smothers it. We think of a novelist who prefers to describe a character from eyelash to big toe instead of offering a few salient qualities.

Perhaps, though, it is an indirect compliment to Mr. Quayle that his Pandarus did remind me of another horribly real figure, Flaubert's old Carthaginian Suffete Hanno, with the glint of gold dust in the crisped hair, the face that might have been powdered

with marble filings, and the little eyes that, under their gummed lashes, shone in a hard metallic glitter. I have had Flaubert's "Salammbô" in mind, because Oscar Wilde's "Salomé"—we go from plain of Troy to terrace of Herod—which is now in revival at the St. Martin's, has a similar heated opulence. But, in performance as in text, "Salomé," for all its gaudiness, is sometimes repulsively decadent, sometimes just silly. "Salomé," says Herod, "come and eat fruit with me. I love to see in a fruit the mark of thy little teeth. Bite but a little of this fruit and then I will eat what is left." And again: "Ah, you are going to dance with naked feet. . . . Your little feet will be like white doves. They will be like little white flowers that dance upon the trees."

I cannot say that the present revival endears the piece to me, though Frank Thring is undeniably an actor with an imaginative flair that should not be wasted upon verbal reeling and writhing. Except for him, and for Vivienne Bennett's contained Herodias, there is not much to note. And an evening that always trembled uneasily on the edge of laughter was hardly aided by its first piece, Sartre's "The Respectable Prostitute," life in the very deep South. It is comically over-written.

After Phrygian plain and Tetrarch's terrace it is a descent to a simple waiting-room chair in the revue, "Cockles and Champagne," at the Saville. The revue, which was uncertain of itself on the first night, and is now much briefer, has enlisted a young mime called Peter Townsend. He takes the waiting-room chair. He takes it in company with a bowler hat, a parcel and an umbrella; and, so burdened, he tries to unfold and to read a copy of *The Times*. No word is uttered. Slowly, inexorably, he ties himself into knots and double-knots. Watching him, we realise the sudden spite of inanimate objects. Everything turns on him, sneers at him. He fights a losing battle. He has settled to

wait for his interview, a spruce young man of an almost uncomfortable bandbox-neatness. He receives his summons, a flustered, untidy wreck; and I have no doubt that, on his way to the presence, the crumpled mass that was a newspaper will wriggle from his hands or his pocket and hit him very hard.

Mr. Townsend is so cunning a mime that I wish he had left it at that, and had not reappeared in the second half of the evening with a singularly weak monologue. As Cressida says about quite another matter, blind oblivion can well swallow this up.



THE "JEWELS AND PEACOCK" SPEECH FROM A REVIVAL OF OSCAR WILDE'S "SALOMÉ," WITH AGNES BERNELLE AS SALOMÉ AND FRANK THRING AS HEROD. HERODIAS (VIVIENNE BENNETT) LOOKS ON. (ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.)

"I cannot say that the present revival endears the piece to me, though Frank Thring is undeniably an actor with an imaginative flair that should not be wasted upon verbal reeling and writhing. Except for him, and Vivienne Bennett's contained Herodias, there is not much to note."



PANDARUS (ANTHONY QUAYLE) SINGS A SONG TO HELEN (BARBARA JEFFORD) AND PARIS (BASIL HOSKINS) DURING THE HELEN OF TROY SCENE FROM ACT III. OF SHAKESPEARE'S "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA," AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

"Love, love, nothing but love, still more
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Shakespeare throws the heroes in the dust. It is a play at once bitter and impassioned, cynical and incomparably phrased. It is set by Malcolm Pride with simple splendour, and directed (by Glen Byam Shaw) with the utmost craft. Alas, the company, with one or two exceptions—Leo McKern and William Devlin, for example—does not project the verse. We want to be excited, to tingle at the sound of the language; and too little of the playing helps. (July 13.)

"COCKLES AND CHAMPAGNE" (Saville; Second Edition).—It is far shorter than it was, which is a good thing. Though I could still use a red pencil and bring the revue to, say, workable twice-nightly dimensions, there are some agreeable changes. I like Peter Townsend's comic mime, and a final number in which the librettist (Maureen Stevens) laughs good-humouredly at that interminable first-night. (July 14.)

"SALOMÉ" and "THE RESPECTABLE PROSTITUTE" (St. Martin's).—This is an extremely odd bill, Sartre's crude little piece and Wilde's brief tragedy, sultry and over-coloured, with its strip-tease of the Seven Veils. Frank Thring is a bold and governing actor: it is a pity not to see him in something better suited to a West End stage. (July 19.)

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, 1954: LEADING CONTESTANTS AT THE WHITE CITY.



RECEIVING THE CUP: MR. J. BLACK, WINNER OF THE CHAMPION HARNESS HORSE STAKES, WITH SIR NIGEL COLMAN'S *BLACK MAGIC OF NORK*. MR. BLACK ALSO WON THE SUPREME HARNESS CHAMPIONSHIP.



TAKING PART IN A DRIVING EVENT: AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS PAT SMYTHE, WHO CAME SECOND WITH *AUTHENTIC* IN THE CLASS FOR HARNESS HORSE OR PONY EXCEEDING FOURTEEN HANDS.



THE TEAM WHICH GAINED THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP FOR BRITAIN FOR THE SIXTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR: (L. TO R.) MR. W. H. WHITE, MR. A. OLIVER, MR. P. ROBESON, AND MR. D. BEARD, WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT (LEFT) PRESENTING THE CUP.



A WIN FOR FRANCE: MLE. J. BONNAUD ON *CHARLESTON* IN THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL JUMPING COMPETITION OF THE SHOW, THE LADIES' DÉBUTANTE, ON JULY 19. MLE. BONNAUD ALSO WON THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II. CUP ON *CHARLESTON*.



COMPETING IN THE GREAT EVENT OF THE SHOW: HERR F. THIEDEMANN (GERMANY), WHO WON THE KING GEORGE V. CUP IN A CONTEST IN WHICH HE JUST BEAT MR. A. OLIVER.



WINNER OF THE LADIES' HACKS UNDER SIDE-SADDLE: MISS P. WAINWRIGHT ON *LOVELY BOY* RECEIVING THE CHALLENGE CUP FROM THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.



PRESENTING A CUP TO MLE. J. BONNAUD, OF FRANCE: H.M. THE QUEEN AT THE WHITE CITY ON JULY 22. MLE. BONNAUD WON THE LADIES' DÉBUTANTE AND THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II. CUP.



WINNER OF THE MR. JORROCKS STAKES ON THE OPENING DAY: MR. D'ORIOLA, OF FRANCE, WHO WON THE SPEED COMPETITION ON THE LITTLE GREY *VOULETTE*.

THE International Horse Show was held at the White City, London, from July 19 to 24. The number of tickets sold beat all previous records. On the final day the valuable *Daily Mail* Cup, open only to those who have won high prizes in the chief events of the week, was won by Mr. P. Robeson, of Great Britain, on *Craven A*, but twenty-year-old Mr. Alan Oliver, who during the week had won no fewer than five individual first prizes, came second on *Red Star* and third on *Red Admiral*. Miss Pat Smythe, so gallant a second to Mlle. Bonnaud in the

[Continued opposite.]

[Continued.]

Queen Elizabeth II. Cup on July 20, was fifth on her grey mare *Tosca*. On July 21 the Queen was at the White City to see the great show-jumping competition for the King George V. Cup. The winner was Herr F. Thiedemann, of Germany, on *Meteor* who, after four jumps-off, beat Mr. A. Oliver, of Great Britain, on *Red Admiral*. Two days later Great Britain won the Prince of Wales Cup, the most important Nations Cup for team show-jumping of the year, and for the sixth year in succession, by beating Germany by the narrow margin of four faults.

OTTAWA'S CENTENARY, AND ART AND POLITICAL TOPICS AT HOME.



CANADA'S CAPITAL AS IT WAS IN 1855: AN EARLY VIEW OF OTTAWA, WHICH THIS YEAR CELEBRATES THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS INCORPORATION AS A CITY.



CANADA'S CAPITAL TO-DAY: AN AIR VIEW OF OTTAWA, WHICH CELEBRATES ITS CENTENARY THIS YEAR. LOOKING NORTH, SHOWING THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS ON THE RIVER BANKS. On July 1, 1854, Bytown, the settlement founded in 1827 by Colonel John By, R.E., was named Ottawa; and four years later Queen Victoria chose it as the capital of Canada. Our air view of the city to-day (where the Duke of Edinburgh was due on July 29) shows in the centre foreground the Union Station by the Rideau Canal. The Parliament building is in the centre, on the river, with, in front, the East Block (Department of External Affairs), and to the left the West Block.



THE MOST DISCUSSED AREA IN BRITAIN: A VIEW OF CRICHEL DOWN, THE QUESTION OF WHOSE DISPOSAL AFTER COMPULSORY GOVERNMENT PURCHASE HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, SIR THOMAS DUGDALE.

As a result of a public inquiry and questions in the House regarding the disposal of Criche Down, which was compulsorily acquired during the war, to a private tenant without the previous owners being invited to re-acquire their land, the Minister of Agriculture announced his resignation in the House on July 20. He also stated that an independent committee had recommended that some officials concerned should be transferred to other posts, "to maintain public confidence in the administration of departments."



SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR 6000 GUINEAS: "ST. MARTIN'S RIVER AND GATE, NORWICH"; BY JOHN ("OLD") CROME. [Panel 19½ x 16½ ins.]



SOLD FOR 8800 GUINEAS AT CHRISTIE'S: "HELVOETSLUYS—THE CITY OF UTRECHT, 64, GOING TO SEA"; BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

The high price of 8800 guineas was given at Christie's for the J. M. W. Turner painting—"Helvoetsluys—the City of Utrecht, 64, Going to Sea," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1832. In the same sale on July 23, a small panel, "St. Martin's River and Gate, Norwich," by "Old" Crome, fetched 6000 guineas

NEWS FROM INDO-CHINA, A FRIENDLY SEAL, AND A NEW KIND OF RECORD.



CROWDS GATHERING NEAR THE OPERA HOUSE IN HANOI, VIET-NAM, ON JULY 19, DURING A PEACEFUL DEMONSTRATION OF PROTEST AGAINST THE PARTITION OF INDO-CHINA. Native shops in Hanoi closed on July 19 in protest against the then reported decision to hand over the city and all Northern Viet-Nam to the Viet Minh rebels. Thousands of people gathered near the Opera House to hear speakers denouncing the partition of their country.



SICK AND WOUNDED FRENCH PRISONERS, CAPTURED AT THE FALL OF DIEN BIEN PHU, ON BOARD A LANDING-CRAFT AFTER THEY HAD BEEN LIBERATED. On July 14 100 Viet Minh prisoners of war, wounded but in good health, were exchanged at Mai-Thon, a village a few miles from Thanh-Hoa, in Central Viet-Nam, for 100 French sick and wounded prisoners captured at the fall of Dien Bien Phu. They had marched more than 350 miles before being liberated.



"CAPTEN, ART THA 'SLEEPIN' THERE BELOW?": DIVER ED FISHER (LEFT), OF THE U.S.A.—THE FIRST MAN TO REMAIN UNDERWATER FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. On July 23 Diver Ed Fisher set up a new kind of record by remaining at a depth of 30 fathoms off Key Largo, Florida, for 24 hours 8 mins. without being connected to the surface. He received tanks of fresh air hourly and took a hammock for sleeping.



PUTTING THE BABY TO 'BED': MR. GEORGE COX, OF MUNDESELEY, WHO IS CARING FOR A BABY SEAL, WHICH PREFERS HUMAN COMPANY TO THAT OF HIS KIND.



FEEDING "BILLY THE SEAL": MR. COX, A MUNDESELEY FISHERMAN, OFFERING A PIECE OF BREAD TO THE BABY SEAL, WHICH IS SAID NOW TO PREFER BREAD AND CAKE TO ANY FORM OF SEA-FOOD.

We show here Billy the seal, a young seal which appears to prefer human company to his own kind and has been constantly coming ashore on the Norfolk coast. On one occasion he was dropped in the sea three miles off Mundesley; on another put off the end of Cromer pier and once taken to a haunt of seals at Blakeney Point, some seventeen miles away. On each occasion he has returned to the shore and human companionship; and at the time these photographs were taken had been adopted by Mr. George Cox, of Mundesley, pending the R.S.P.C.A.'s finding the seal a home in a zoo.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is a severe handicap to the discussion of a novel if one can't make head or tail of it. Though, luckily, it doesn't often happen—perhaps because few writers are individual enough to be unintelligible. Even with these, natural sympathy may help one out; but there must also be the odd occasion of débâcle. Therefore, I won't deny that "Self Condemned," by Wyndham Lewis (Methuen; 15s.), bothered me like a half-known tongue. And rather queerly, too—since it is concrete, positive, articulate to a volcanic pitch. Nevertheless, it placed me in a double quandary; I couldn't tell what to believe, and I could hardly penetrate what it was all about.

That is, essentially about. There is no mystery in what takes place: in 1939 Professor René Harding, a thinker of great brilliance and startling political insight, throws up his chair to seek a livelihood in Canada. Nor is the motive unexplored—what between farewell visits to his kin, and half an article on his ideas by an inspired interpreter. Briefly, he now thinks history is rotten, and should be debunked; therefore in self-respect he must stop teaching it. And as for Canada—but it is only to his most receptive sister, in the parting hour, that he unbosoms about Canada. It is no land of hope; for René, it is anywhere out of the world. To one who sees the truth of things, who has composed a "Secret History of World War II," "how disgusting, how maddening, and how foully comic" will be the spectacle itself. He simply can't look on—though he is jumping out into his grave. For it appears he won't get a professorship. . . .

This was where I began to lose touch. Can he be trying for a professorship? We find he is; but we find also that his resignation was a tragic act. Men "become nobodies as if they were dying"; without a chair he will be nobody; therefore he has committed suicide. Yet all who shake their heads—starting with his adored little French mother—are immediately expunged. All but his wife, who doesn't count. She was expunged before; she is Sex, Woman, Big Eyes—the degrading Beast.

But not in the first years of Momaco. For three dread years, in a mad-hatter, bedlamite hotel, they hardly ever leave the "Room." They are marooned, cut off—frozen by currency laws, by the surrounding ugliness, by the ferocious climate, by the human pack. Essie then figures as the prisoner's mouse; till the hotel burns down, René begins to make his way, and their brief unity dissolves. Essie is frantic to go home, and René hell-bent on his new career. She can be smashed, of course—and later wiped out by analysis, like *petite mère*. But after that the victor will be dead-alive.

You remember Tennyson's young man ("I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind") who was toned up, so stupidly, by the Crimean War? This is the subject in reverse; at least, I think it is. Also, it is a gallery of guys, a glaring travel-piece, an intermittent lecture, an explosive joke. Roughly, it is in Strindberg's class—with dogma in the prow, and a volcanic ego at the helm. These are not writers one can go along with. But they wake one up.

OTHER FICTION

"The Bridge of Fire," by Denis Godfrey (Cape; 12s. 6d.), gives a much calmer, soberer account of the grand spectacle in operation. And not at its least "foully comic," if you choose. For on Tangalla Airfield, in Ceylon, nothing has ever happened. That is its history: in 1942 a few weeks of invasion scare, and then stagnation absolute. Clive Farran, the corporal in charge of the Met. Office, has been here all through—right from the fall of Singapore; and, like the rest of the Old Stagers, he has been sinking gradually into a trance. England has vanished out of mind; life, in this "flickering palm-tree world," is not a long wait, but a changeless dream. And, indeed, Clive, like all the others, has become allergic to change. After three years of waning energy and settled habit; they simply don't feel up to it.

But it has come at last. It starts with an odd figure here and there—Moon Men, as the Old Stagers call them. They are pink, noisy, curiously dressed; and they will soon appear in droves. More monstrously, a Waaf detachment has arrived. The Moon Men date them up; but the Old Stagers boo at them. And then comes the last straw, the yoke of "Blighty discipline." Only it is much worse; it is a sheer atrocity campaign, by a neurotic adjutant.

Though Clive stayed in the ranks, he is well-educated and reflecting. But he is also an Old Stager at Tangalla. So, when his mates decide that the tormentor must be beaten up, he is not shocked, but tells them what to do.

Although the plan goes deadly wrong, for Clive—who had repented anyhow—there is a happy ending. Perhaps his love-affair and spiritual progress are a little dim. But the Tangalla background is first-rate: good in itself, and excellently done.

"Footman in Powder," by Helen Ashton (Collins; 12s. 6d.), sums itself up as "a romantic panorama of the life and times of George the Fourth, seen through the eyes of the Royal servants." And it starts off: "When Jem Wyatt was a little boy there was no Royal Pavilion at Brighton . . ." And since we know the author's touch, and she is here in anything but a Dark Age, I need say little more. It is a charming narrative—so well contrived that it appears as natural as running water, and always fresh, though the material is so well-worn.

"Crime, Gentlemen, Please," by Delano Ames (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), has the slight flaw of being indigenous; I mean the Browns have returned home. Owing to the sudden fortunate demise of Christopher Piper, and his mysterious connection with one Charlie Crabb, they are at Charlie's old, and rather proletarian, address. The deceased Piper married a friend of Jane's, promptly deserted her for the full life, came back a year ago to live on her, and, having spent her money, wound up with an overdose. Only the question is, how did it happen? I must say, most improbably; and I like Jane and Dagobert to be abroad, where they have more distraction from the crime. But they are always pleasing company and Jane's experience on the Giant Rotor is in itself a draw.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FOR all its centuries of history, chess has taken some giant strides forward in the relatively trivial period since the Second World War. The most important has certainly been the inauguration of a four-year cycle of tournaments leading to the world championship and catering for entrants from the world chess-playing country. Though chess has existed since A.D. 600, it is only since 1948 that, on playing ability alone and irrespective of patronage, any chess player anywhere has had the chance to become World Champion within five years or so.

In Britain, I cannot believe that any single development has been so important as the consolidation of the British Universities' Chess Association (B.U.C.A.). The Oxford v. Cambridge match has a great history; but the union of all the British Universities in chess has come, after decades of disorganisation, almost overnight. Students at such outlying places as Aberdeen, Belfast and Exeter have equal chances in the team and individual championships with those of the older foundations.

They keep on electing me B.U.C.A. president: I am really little more than a spectator, but have thus a privileged seat, and I am constantly impressed by the manner in which these young students, surmounting almost insuperable difficulties, maintain a smooth succession of well-organised congresses. Personnel is in constant flux: freshmen floundering for their bearings soon become graduates planning a career: as soon as a secretary has learnt his job, he disappears. Work is a constant distraction—well that it is allowed to be! Finally, finance is an awful headache. I don't pretend that chess is as effective a contrast to swotting as football; but that a University chess club should have perhaps 2 per cent. of the grant allocated to the Rugby club is, I feel, out of all proportion.

This year's British Universities' Individual Championship, held in Birmingham, was somewhat unexpectedly won by a Cambridge freshman, D. E. Lloyd. D. F. Griffiths (Birmingham), D. G. Horseman (Oxford) and G. J. Martin (Leicester U.C.) tied for second place, and London, Bristol, Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds and Durham were also represented. Horseman suffered a catastrophe in Round 1. He obviously took his opponent's thirteenth for a pure developing move, overlooking the threat of 14. . . B-KB4, which wins a piece. 15. P-K6 is pure desperation and Black could have replied as effectively by 15. . . B×Q; e.g., 16. P×Qch, K×P, after which White must finish a piece to the bad.

Vienna Opening:

D. G. HORSEMAN (Cambridge), White; J. T. SMITH (Manchester), Black.

1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; 3. P-KB4, P-Q4; 4. BP×P, Kt×P; 5. P-Q3, Kt×Kt; 6. P×Kt, P-Q5; 7. Kt-B3, Kt-B3; 8. B-K2, P×P; 9. P-Q4, B-K3; 10. Castles, B-K2; 11. B-K3, Kt-Kt5; 12. P-QR3, Kt-Q4; 13. Q-Q3, Q-Q2; 14. KR-Kt? B-KB4; 15. P-K6, Q×P; 16. Q-Kt5ch, P-B3. White resigns.

Another short one: King's Gambit; P. J. VERHEFF (Leeds), White; P. C. GIBBS (Birmingham), Black.

White tantalised his opponent into playing . . . B-R5 just one move too long. He should have castled on move six or, alternatively, played *va banque* by P-KKt3 on move eight: 8. . . P×P; 9. Castles! ? when everybody has fun.

1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. P-KB4, P×P; 3. Kt-KB3, B-K2; 4. B-B4, Kt-KB3; 5. P-K5, Kt-Kt5; 6. P-Q4, P-Q4; 7. B-Q3, B-R5ch; 8. K-B1, Kt-B7; 9. Q-K2 (9. Q-K1 gave him a chance, I think), Kt×R; 10. QB×P? Kt-B7; 11. Kt×B, Kt×B; 12. Q×Kt, Q×Kt; 13. B-Kt3, Q-K5 and wins.

A much more exciting submarine book is "Danger is My Life," by Victor Berge (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Berge is a Swede who went to the South Seas at the age of fourteen (a fact which nearly cost him his life during the Japanese occupation of Java), and who became a highly experienced and successful pearl diver. His views on the habits of the octopus, or certainly the giant squid, differ greatly from those of M. Gorsky. He is one of the two men who have survived an encounter with a giant squid, which he considers more than a match for a 15-ft. shark. The sight of an octopus "arouses the worst hatred and blood lust in a shark," but it is the octopus which usually wins in the ensuing battle.

Sea fishing with rod and line has for me little but distasteful memories of impaling lugworms on a hook (with one exciting hooking of a big barracuda off the West African coast). "The Sea Angler's Fishes," by Michael Kennedy (Hutchinson; 50s.), is a book for experts, whether from the sporting or the scientific point of view. It makes those lugworms and those heaving boats (and, dare one whisper it—heaving stomachs?) look pretty unimportant. E. D. O'BRIEN.

"SUBMARINERS."

FEW things have been more remarkable in recent years than the development of the sport, art—or should one call it science?—of under-water exploration by "free-divers," i.e., swimmers unattached by lines or tubes to the surface and carrying their own fairly light equipment. As one who has caught a glimpse of the wonders of the Mediterranean sea-floor, which are open even to an indifferent swimmer with the least elaborate equipment (my excursions are always brought to a spluttering stop by my inability to keep the water out of the breathing tube), I can well understand its fascination. Divers such as M. Philippe Diolé, the author of "4000 Years Under the Sea" (Sidgwick and Jackson; 18s.), are, of course, far outside my ken. Indeed, they are penetrating to realms which have never before in history been open to man. Penetrating to considerable depths, M. Diolé

and his friends appear to move at will among the wrecks of torpedoed ships and long-foundered Roman or Phoenician galleys. From this they are developing an entirely new branch of archaeology—and a fascinating one it is! As M. Diolé points out, elderly archaeologists, however sporting, may not be physically able to carry out the "field work" of the modern under-water swimmer. It is therefore necessary for the latter to become an archaeologist himself. Nevertheless, as M. Diolé again points out, formal archaeology is a recent science. "Egyptology, the oldest of its departments, is little more than a hundred years old. Its beginning has been dated to September 14, 1822, when Champollion succeeded in deciphering the name of Rameses on the Rosetta Stone. At the beginning of the twentieth century, all that men knew about the ancient peoples of the East was what was contained in the Bible. Mesopotamian archaeology goes back no further than Botta and Place—1840-45. In 1860, Renan conducted the first 'digs' in Phoenicia. Schliemann started work at Hissarlik (Troy) only in 1870. It was not until 1900 that Sir Arthur Evans established himself in Crete, and only in 1933 that Monsieur André Parrot turned the first sod at Mari." So it ill becomes established archaeologists to look down on this newest branch of their studies. There is no doubt, moreover, that a whole new world has been opened for the archaeologist in the clear waters of the Mediterranean. Ever since the incredible find of the sunken galley at Mahdia in 1907, with its cargo of *objets d'art* and its five anchors, including the sheet anchor, thrown out in a row as eloquent proof of the violent storm which sank the overloaded vessel, the sea-bed has become an increasingly rich storehouse for those with eyes to see and the luck and courage to search for its treasures.

The new diving apparatus evolved during the last few years has considerably lightened the diver's task, though by no means decreasing the dangers which confront him or—it must be added—her. (For the opposite sex appear to be as enthusiastic participants in these under-water "digs" as they are in the deserts of Mesopotamia or the ramparts of Maiden Castle.) M. Diolé has done more than draw amphorae and statues from their resting-place on the sea-bed. He has the true historian's capacity for asking "Why?", and the detective sense which distinguishes the historian from the writer of textbooks. This book is learned, fascinating and amusing.

A more practical book, also by a Frenchman, for the holiday-maker who wishes to become acquainted with the depths, is "Mediterranean Hunter," by Bernard Gorsky (Souvenir Press; 15s.). M. Gorsky, as the name of his book implies, is more interested in the new under-water sport of hunting fish with a light harpoon gun. But for him, too, the beauty of the submarine world has its attraction. It is "a jungle which will one day find its Kipling, populated, like its terrestrial sister, with the powerful and the weak, the savage and the placid, the beautiful and the ugly; all subject to Nature's inexorable laws." For the would-be under-water hunter he has some practical hints on equipment, suitable terrain (if that is the right word?), and the ways and habits of the submarine creatures he is pursuing. Some, like the octopus, are shy and evasive; others, like the moray, the "serpent of the sea," are, as he calls them, "dangerous, unmanageable animals." Not all the book deals with the comparatively placid and harmless waters of the Mediterranean. He adds a chapter on undersea filming, in which he draws on the experience of M. Foucher-Créteau, shark-hunting off the Canary Islands. Sir Winston Churchill, in his book "My African Journey," regards the lion as neither courageous nor "a seeker of quarrels." M. Foucher-Créteau seems to think the same about the shark. Only one thing faintly displeased me about this book. It is true that in the "Torrington Diaries," which cover the most difficult part of the struggle against the French Revolution and Napoleon, there is only one reference each to these events. It is curious, however, to find M. Gorsky reminiscing happily about his captures in the waters around the French coast in the summers of 1940-43. One seems to remember a certain fracas which was going on at the time, in which quite a lot of other Frenchmen got themselves involved before, during and after the fall of France.

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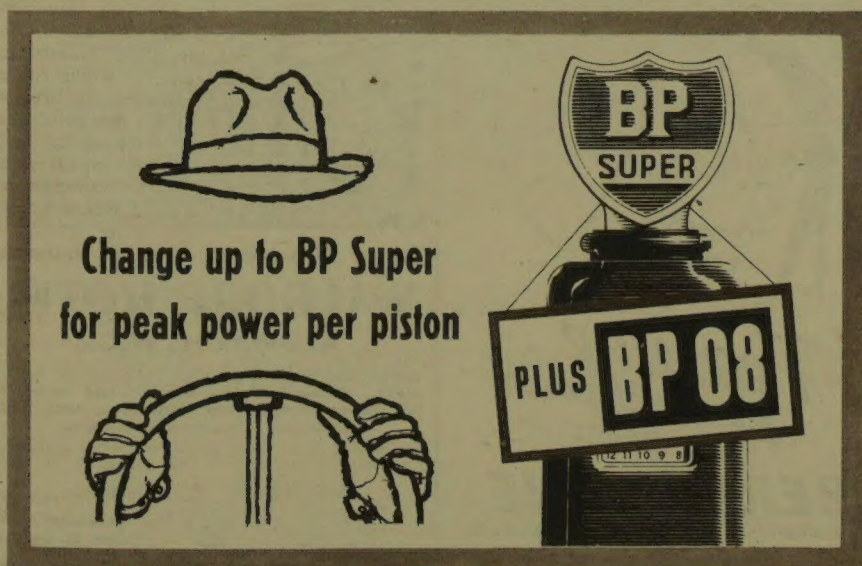
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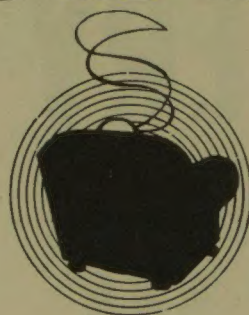
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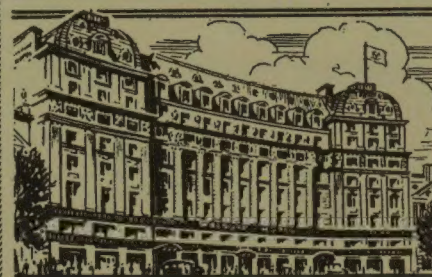
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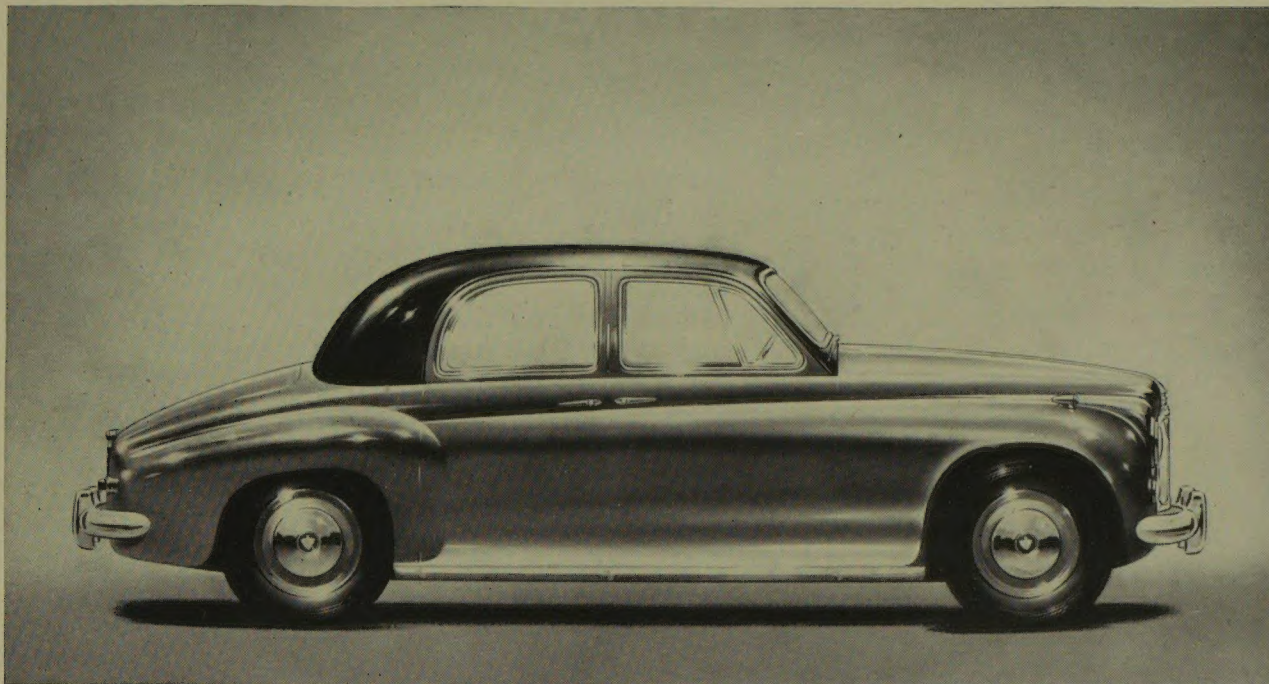
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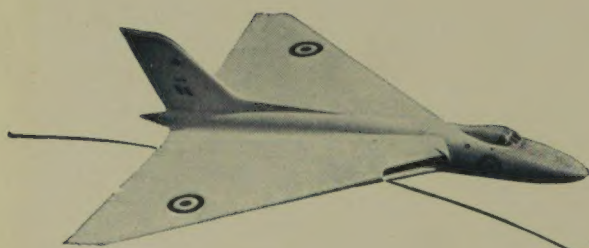
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